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The Week-end Review

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The Third Eye

COMMERCIAL television is a gold mine – one of the few really big strikes that British business has made since the war. It is also very popular. These two facts are bound to dominate every discussion of the future of television in Britain and, in particular, the argument about the third TV network.

The original decision to create a commercial network was a triumph for a well-organised lobby. There was no articulate demand for it from the public; the intellectuals, both pro- and anti-Establishment – as some now wryly admit – were on the whole against it; and there were good economic reasons why this new stimulus to inflation should not be let loose on the market. The interests which stood to profit from a commercial franchise – an alliance of advertisers, some newspapers, and radio and TV firms – were not deterred. They promoted one of the most brilliant parliamentary operations since the days of the Railway Acts, and the Tory government gave way to them. They have made the most of their opportunity. Three years later, commercial TV is so firmly established that no one seriously proposes to wind it up. On the contrary, it is now so powerful that it is beginning to bid for yet another channel, and some people are talking of 'bringing the BBC into line' by authorising it to accept advertisements.

The decision about a third channel has already been postponed once, in 1956, and it seems probable that it will be put off again while the government considers such technical problems as colour TV, the ultra-high-frequency bands, and the need to put British equipment on the same line-system as European and American stations. It may also be thought desirable to wait until we are closer to 1962 and 1964 – the dates when the charters of the BBC and ITA run out.

The decision may be postponed, but the argument will not wait. With commercial success and popular support behind them, the existing programme contractors, and those who would like to become programme contractors, are in a much more powerful position than they were when ITV was an untried gamble. The *Daily Mirror* – itself a shareholder in ATV – is already arguing that the third channel must be parcelled up among the present contractors. There is no doubt that, before long, the campaign to 'Keep Three Free' will be in full cry, backed partly by existing TV interests that want to expand, partly by those who would like to break into such a rewarding game, and partly by manufacturers and advertisers.

There are two points at issue here. Do we need a third channel? And if we do, should it be run as a by-product of the soap business? The answer to the first question is simple. There is no economic case at all for yet another network, and the case on grounds either of entertainment or public information is extremely tenuous. What is wrong with our TV programmes is that both channels are now forced to compete for the mass audience – the commercial channel because its revenue is related to the number of viewers, and the BBC because it fears that otherwise it may lose part of its income from licences or, perish the thought, be driven to accept advertisements itself.

If a third channel is needed, it is needed because there is an audience for something different from the westerns, filmed comedy shows from America, quizzes and light serials, which have increasingly become the mainstay – and popular mainstay – of both programmes. But such an audience is bound to be limited. And though there is some attraction in the suggestion that the third channel should be the 'Third' programme for TV, provided by the BBC, by private enterprise, or by some combination of both, there are obvious difficulties. The commercial interests might be willing to pay for some 'prestige' programmes (they have not done badly in 'competing' in these already and their present subsidies to the arts show they are anxious to buy goodwill), and the BBC might be glad of a channel where it would not be harassed by audience ratings. But an immediate result might be the almost total disappearance of serious matter from what would become two 'Light' TV networks. That is why this controversy raises serious questions of public interest, and why those who care about the quality and content of television must decide what they want before the Third Eye gazes brilliantly from the forehead of the Buddha of Big Business.

Comments on the Week's News

The Lebanese Stalemate

There seems a general impression, at UN headquarters in New York, in London and even in Beirut, that the prospect of western intervention in the Lebanon is now remote. It is difficult to find any hard facts on which this belief can be based. True, Mr Hammarskjold has made it plain at the UN that he considers the Lebanese affair to be purely internal and that, barring a dramatic change in the military situation, the presence of UN observers should be sufficient to prevent internationalisation of the conflict. Few people, however, imagined he would reach any other conclusion. The basic factors in the situation remain unaltered. The British government—openly encouraged by Nuri es-Said, who visited London to lobby ministers last week – is determined to intervene if requested by Chamoun; Chamoun is equally determined to choose intervention in preference to his own political extinction. Mr Hammarskjold's hopes of arranging a truce are limited by the fact that this is the price the rebel leaders demand. The only new factor to emerge during the past week is Chamoun's increasingly reliance on armed Fascist irregulars. It seems likely that they have secured some of the small-arms supplied by Britain and the US, and they are now engaged not only in urban terrorism in Beirut but in field warfare in the surrounding hills. Until recently, the best hope of a solution lay in the fact that resistance to the rebels' demands was simply the will of one man. He has now conjured up sectarian forces which may prove less tractable.

The Demographic Avalanche

The UN report on world population growth contains some startling reading. Assuming the present rate of increase, in 600 years there will be only one square metre of land (including the Polar regions) for each person. Obviously the problem will be settled, one way or another, long before this unthinkable stage is reached; but the report emphasises that the critical point will be reached far sooner than we thought. It took 200,000 years for the population to reach 2,500 million; it will take only 30 years to add another 2,000 million. The report reveals the vast upward revisions of the 1951 and 1954 calculations which have been made necessary by the receipt of reliable census figures from China. In 1951, the 1980 figure was 2,976 million, now it is 3,850 million. In the light of this, earlier discussions on how to feed this vast increase assume an air of academic unreality: by the year 2000, which is now no further in the future than 1914 is in the past, the world will have to cope with a population between 6,000 and 7,000 million. The experts hold out little hope that the spread of birth-control will appreciably brake this demographic avalanche; it may do no more than balance the growing effectiveness of death-control. Birth-control itself is only a symptom of industrialisation which, bringing a rapid rise in living and educational standards, forms the only effective brake. Since the high fertility countries are almost all industrially backward, the only solution seems a co-ordinated effort on the part of the advanced countries to export capital on a massive scale. But this, of course, means an accelerated surrender of the geopolitical hegemony which the low-fertility, industrially advanced, countries still enjoy.

The Nuclear Tour de France

Despite last minute fears that it would not meet at all, the Geneva scientists' conference on nuclear test control opened in a friendly atmosphere. The wide divergence between East and West remains. But for the present the Russians seem anxious to concentrate on purely technical aspects, leaving policy decisions until later. This is welcome news, particularly since the conference has entered what now looks uncomfortably like a race against time. In his conversations with Mr Macmillan last week-end, de Gaulle made it clear that France would accept nothing less than a general disarmament agreement as the price for abandoning its quest for nuclear weapons. Even so, it would be exceptionally difficult for France to refuse to subscribe to a partial agreement on test-suspension, particularly since many of her nuclear scientists have qualms about the whole project. In practice, therefore, an early agreement on tests would appreciably diminish the problem of the fourth nuclear power. We do not yet know, however, when France plans to hold her first test. Earlier this year, a provisional date was fixed for October, and a site selected at Reggane in the Sahara. There are now reports that it has been postponed until the spring, and these seem substantiated by news of the lag in French plutonium production. About 11.02 lbs are necessary to achieve the 'critical mass' theoretically required for an explosion. France may already have accumulated as much as 12 lbs, but in view of the difficulties experienced in working France's first, and only, reactor – G1, near Avignon – foreign experts have cast doubt upon the purity of the plutonium so far produced. The G2 reactor is still not yet working, and the G3 is scheduled to start only six months after G2. There is no doubt that, given time, France's production problem can be solved; hence the increased need for urgency at Geneva.

Labour and the Campaigners

Any local Labour Party has a constitutional duty to ensure that those whom it admits to membership agree to accept the conditions of party membership. This applies to those who are already members but who wish to transfer from one local party to another as well as to new applicants. Constitutionally, therefore, the East Islington Labour Party may be within its rights in recommending that certain applicants be refused admission. But who are these applicants? Some have lately moved into Islington from other parts of London where they were already members. One or two are new entrants. All have this in common, that they are members of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and it is for that reason that they are being excluded. Making every allowance for the sensitiveness of East Islington, which quite recently had a major upheaval over its Trotskyite element, this is a monstrous decision. The Campaign is not a banned organisation. Many of its most active workers are already members of the Labour Party and those who are not are being repeatedly urged by their colleagues to join. Wherever else it has been intolerant, the Labour Party through its history has always stretched the 'conscience clause' to the limit. So it is to be hoped that the National Executive, now that those affected by the East Islington decision have appealed to it, will effectively intervene.

More New Towns

The West Midlands conurbation has been the subject of a number of important post-war planning studies. All have proposed remedies to its excessive congestion, decay and sprawl. But while local authorities haggle with each other and with the government, the conurbation still grows, congestion worsens, and buildings continue to decay. Like Greater London, its employment potential is increasing. This is what generates the pressures on existing space, which in turn promote sprawl. Now the Midlands New Towns Society has produced an extremely thorough and closely reasoned study (*The Overspill Problem in the West Midlands*) of population trends and housing requirements over the next 15 to 20 years. Not surprisingly, the Society concludes that at least two new towns, each of 60,000 population, are needed immediately for the West Midlands. Birmingham alone must export 200,000 people, with their employment, and Smethwick, Walsall, Wolverhampton and Dudley add another 50,000 to this total. Thus something like 80,000 houses are required in new and expanded towns well away from the conurbation. Small scale town expansions under the Town Development Act appear likely, taking the most hopeful view, to provide about 30,000 of these. The government refuses to launch new towns under the 1946 Act. The hopes of Birmingham and the other overcrowded centres now seem to lie in the acknowledgement in *Homes of the Future* that the next Labour government will continue the imaginative new towns policy pursued up to 1951.

Singapore Parties

There are signs of party re-alignments in Singapore which is to have full internal self-government early next year. The Socialist leadership of the People's Action Party seems lately to have won the allegiance of a number of important near-Communists who have become genuinely convinced that the Malayan Communist Party is the enemy of Malaya-Singapore unity and independence. One former Singapore detainee is to stand as PAP candidate in a by-election this month. This development highlights the crucial struggle of the political parties of Singapore to win the support of the mainly Chinese electorate for constitutional democracy in competition with the appeal of Peking-type Communism. The People's Action Party led by Lee Kuan Yew with its mass-organisation, uncompromisingly Socialist platform and readiness to work with genuinely disillusioned ex-Communists seems to have the best chance of succeeding in the difficult task. The party in office, the Labour Front, under Lim Yew Hock, is now wooing the right-wing Liberal-Socialists with the aim of forming a 'united Socialist front'. But the organisation of these last-named parties is unimpressive and their chances of winning over the vitally important Chinese youth of Singapore to democratic Socialism seem slight. More is at stake in this situation than the domestic politics of Singapore. For unless Singapore votes and acts non-Communist next year its chances of achieving union with neighbouring independent Malaya, which has a 49 per cent Malay population utterly opposed to Peking-type Communism, will recede to vanishing-point. Only through a merger with Malaya can Singapore be sure of gaining independence, and this part of Asia achieve the unity which it badly needs.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Warsaw

Gomulka and Tito

A Correspondent writes: 'Say little, do a lot'. This has been Gomulka's basic principle since he assumed power. By nature taciturn, he confines himself to two or three public speeches a year, devoted mainly to lauding the virtues of Socialism and excoriating the vices of drink. The Polish intellectuals, who thought that their 'October' would open the flood-gates of the verbal freedoms, found this doctrine irksome, but latterly – and especially since the execution of Nagy – they had begun to appreciate its wisdom. Poland's silence on the affair – broken at last by a curt announcement in *Tribuna Ludu* – forced them to recognise the fact that, in the Socialist camp, silence can be a positive virtue, concealing genuine gains in freedom. By keeping silent, Poland has remained the freest of all Communist countries. People may not be allowed to express their political opinions in print, but they are not imprisoned for them either. *Po Prostu* may have been suppressed, but its staff have not been persecuted and they have found no difficulty in getting jobs on other papers.

Paradoxically, it was just when the Poles were beginning to appreciate that silence is golden that Gomulka chose to speak. His speech last Saturday at Gdansk was both long and unexpected. During the past month, the West had interpreted his silence on the Nagy and Yugoslav controversies as the symptom of a bitter conflict with Moscow; and it was, perhaps, for this reason that Gomulka felt he had to make things clear. The question remains: was his condemnation of Tito dictated by Moscow, or does it represent his own opinions?

Nobody who knows Gomulka can have any doubt on this point. He is not the man to yield to pressure, whatever the risks; it was, we should remember, his earlier refusal to criticise Tito which led to his downfall in 1949. The fact is, his speech last week reflects a deep and genuine policy difference with Tito. Gomulka not only cannot, but does not wish to leave the Socialist camp. His ambition is limited to securing the maximum of independence for his country within the framework of the 'Socialist Family' and facilitating a rapprochement between the two world blocs. For both these reasons, he would like to see Yugoslavia become an integral part of the Socialist camp also.

But this is not Tito's view, and he made it clear when he refused to sign the joint declaration of the Communist parties last November. This need not, however, have led to a definite breach. According to the Poles, this was only made inevitable by the publication of the Yugoslav party programme. Parts of this document were openly offensive to the Russians and, again according to the Poles, could reasonably be construed as a provocation. Warsaw accordingly dispatched a mission to Belgrade to urge revision of the document. It secured some deletions – notably the criticism of the Yalta and Potsdam agreements – but on the essential points on which the new dispute hinges the Yugoslavs remained intransigent.

From then on, Warsaw and Belgrade drifted farther apart. Tito, as in 1948, was willing to risk a total rupture with Moscow, favoured as he is by purely geographical factors. For Gomulka, such a policy simply is not practicable, and once he had failed to heal the breach, it was inevitable that, sooner or later, he would align himself with Moscow. The fact that Tito not merely failed to appreciate the dangers of his policy to Poland, but went out of his way to sharpen the conflict, led Gomulka to pronounce him the guilty partner in the dispute. His ambiguous verdict on the Nagy execution was merely a by-product of the dispute: his main object in the speech was to issue an appeal to Tito to abandon the defiance which is causing so much trouble – not least to the Poles.

In doing this, Gomulka may have underestimated the magnitude of the demands Moscow has made on Tito. Many of his Polish colleagues believe this; they fear that, with the best intentions, he has stepped on the slippery path which leads to total subservience to the Moscow line. Be this as it may, his speech remains a pathetic appeal to those who, in his view, should be in the best position to understand his dilemma because – geography apart – it is identical with their own. But, at the point which has now been reached, with Tito preparing to publish documents incriminating the Soviet leaders, is he likely to listen to the *cri de coeur* from Warsaw?

Washington

What Speed in Little Rock?

A sudden and cynical regard for the Federal judiciary and some pretty oily advice about respecting the law are not the least distasteful consequences of Judge Lemley's decision to defer integration in the schools of Little Rock. Having for a year defied the Supreme Court's historic ruling by violent resistance and inflammatory abuse, the local White Citizens Council now piously calls upon the Negroes to 'obey the law of the land' as laid down by Judge Lemley. 'The Negro citizens of the community,' says Governor Faubus, who used his own National Guardsmen to nullify the law, 'would do well to accept today's ruling, which will do much to re-establish the normal and friendly relations which prevailed here before.'

Judge Lemley's defenders, however, are not to be found exclusively among the segregationists. A passionate devotee of Southern ways – 'it is almost a religion to me', he once remarked – the Judge has decently refrained from criticising the integration opinion even out of court, which cannot be said of some of his colleagues, and he made it clear in his own decision that he recognised desegregation as the law of the land. All he was doing, the Judge explained, was to exercise the discretion as to timing permitted by the Supreme Court's vague phrase 'with all deliberate speed'. His order was merely a 'tactical delay' to provide a 'cooling-off period', during which pupils might be spared 'intolerable' conditions and the personalities involved in the crisis might be retired. In arguing for the suspension, the school board had pointedly suggested that at the end of the two and a half years requested, Mr Faubus, even if he is re-elected this year, will be out of the executive mansion. Thus the inference on both sides of the bench was clearly that the Governor was a major source of trouble. Harry S. Ashmore, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his courageous editorials at the height of the crisis, agrees with the opinion both as to the intolerable conditions in the school and the desirability of waiting out Mr Faubus's period of service to the state.

Whatever its tactical advantages in Little Rock, however, the decision could only bring comfort and encouragement to die-hard segregationists throughout the South. What it appeared to say was that 'deliberate speed' could be slowed down indefinitely by deliberate nullification. Voicing this general sentiment, a Louisiana State Senator put the thing bluntly: 'This decision shows that if Louisiana and other Southern states really dig in and battle this thing, we can win.' A former Governor of Virginia found it 'a tremendously interesting decision'. Tremendously interesting, too, since he is now a member of President Eisenhower's Civic Rights Commission, of all things, was his further comment: 'It would appear the courts are beginning to realise that the attitudes and habits of a people cannot be changed by judicial decree.'

However one may sympathise with the desire of Little Rock's moderates for a 'breathing spell', it seems clear that they will get it, unless the Supreme Court overrules Judge Lemley, at heavy cost to others. The alternative to years of turmoil on the issue would seem to lie in coherent and voluntary planning on a regional level, with stages and timing intelligently worked out in advance. But that calls for imaginative and persuasive leadership from Washington, where, except for the futile dispatch of troops to Little Rock, the activity has so far been meagre in volume and rhetorical in nature.

Robert Bendiner

Westminster

Grey Cloth

When the tape machine had ticked out Mr R. A. Butler's statement that more people are in prison or otherwise detained than at any time in the country's history, a Labour MP, as a joke, added the comment 'Tory freedom works'. But there was no light banter about his tone when Mr Harold Wilson repeated the slogan in this week's debate on the Lancashire cotton industry. For seven years this industry had been falling away. In that period the numbers employed in it have dropped by 78,000 – from 319,000 to 241,000 – and of those still employed 22,000 are at present on short time. Every week, mills are closing down for good – 90 in 1955, 96 in 1956, 60 in 1957 and 46 in the first five months of this year; and some of these were among the most modern in the industry. Cotton exports which in 1954 reached the lowest level since the figures were first collected in 1840 have dropped by a further 25 per cent. since then.

Despite these facts and the continuous pressure from the masters, from the trade unions and from the Opposition, the government has taken no action. The only plan to help Lancashire which has been produced since the Tories came into power in 1951 was Wilson's own 'Plan for Cotton' and when the cotton trade unions pressed this on the attention of Sir David Eccles, as President of the Board of Trade, Eccles could only ask: 'Which recommendations are supported by both sides of the industry?' The plan and the industry continued to be ignored. For three full years the government failed to provide even one day for a debate on its problems and when at last the Opposition forced a discussion, a Tory member, Mr Douglas Glover, suggested that they had been either foolish or wicked to do so. Tory freedom, apparently, means leaving ill alone.

This week's debate centred on a specific point, the imports of grey, i.e. unfinished, cloth from India, Pakistan and Hong Kong. These imports have risen steadily from 76 million yards in

1953 to 372 million yards in 1957. They are sold here at prices with which Lancashire is wholly unable to compete. Both masters and men have pressed for some limitation of these imports and the debate centred round the dilemmas which this demand has produced. The government would certainly like to yield to this pressure. After all, it does not want a series of Rochdale elections in which the masters openly campaign against the Tory candidate. On the other hand it is committed to a system of imperial preference; and to place restrictions on imports from Commonwealth countries would look rather odd, especially just before the Commonwealth conference in Montreal. Further, those ministers who are working for a European free trade area do not want to saddle themselves with import restrictions at this time. Finally, free-trading Tories like Mr Bernard Braine, while admitting that these imports are harming Lancashire cotton, point out that unless Hong Kong can sell to us she cannot buy from us and that she is in fact at the moment buying more than she sells. Labour's dilemma is almost equally sharp. The party has repeatedly demanded that special help should be given to the backward areas of the world and banning imports from those areas would hardly fit in with that demand. On the other hand, the party as a whole and Lancashire trade unionists in particular cannot be expected to stand by while Lancashire workers are thrown out of their jobs in large numbers.

Eccles and Mr Reginald Maudling – the latter in a debating speech of remarkable skill even for him – tried to solve the government's dilemmas by suggesting that the countries concerned should agree to limit their cotton exports to Britain voluntarily for a time. India has agreed to this but so far Pakistan and Hong Kong have not. Labour tried to solve its dilemma by concentrating on the lamentable working conditions which allowed competitors, especially in Hong Kong, to undercut Lancashire. By far the most effective speech on this was made by Mr Ernest Thornton who, after an on-the-spot investigation, revealed that Hong Kong women were being made to work a twelve hour day for seven days a week. These conditions, he said, were the worst in the world – and this in a British colony. Labour showed itself far more determined to take action against these conditions than the government was; and Wilson's hint that a Labour government would set up a textile import buying commission and that the commission would refuse to buy from Hong Kong unless working conditions were improved received general Labour acclaim. To many it carried a comfortably having-it-both-ways impression. Would it not be a simultaneous attempt to raise living standards in Hong Kong and relieve Lancashire of unfair competition?

But of course it will not solve, and is not intended to solve, the problems of Lancashire cotton. Developing countries must have industries of their own if they are to raise their living standards. Most Asian countries find that the easiest industry to develop is the coarse and medium counts of cotton and in this section of the industry, partly because their mills are newer but mainly because whatever pressures are exerted their standards of living are likely to remain lower than ours for years to come, they can undercut Lancashire. This suggests that both on economic and on social grounds Lancashire should prepare to get out of this end of the trade, continuing the fine end where it still more than holds its own but more and more developing heavy industry to absorb workers displaced from cotton. This would require from the government not only the most careful planning and intervention in the industry but also a high degree of political courage. This week's debate made it clear that we can expect neither.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Colonels' Conspiracy

THIS week is the climax of the de Gaulle experiment. On Tuesday, accompanied by Guy Mollet, he landed in Algiers. The decisions he takes – or does not take – during his visit and immediately afterwards will determine whether some form of democratic system can be preserved in France, or whether, as many of us fear, the General is merely the midwife to Fascism

To date, de Gaulle has been credited with three successes: the ready response to the Pinay loan, the settlement with Tunis embodying the withdrawal of French forces to Bizerta, and the new law for the Overseas Territories enlarging the powers of the elected representatives. But these, however welcome, are irrelevant to the main issue of the French crisis, which has always been, and still is, the struggle for power between Paris and Algiers. Which is to rule the French Union? The General, brought back to power to bridge and heal the schism, has patently failed in his primary task. Indeed, since his advent, the issues have become sharper, the final trial of strength more imminent. Now he has to choose: Paris or Algiers. He has no third choice, for to remain inactive is to capitulate to the purposeful men in Algiers, burrowing steadily away under the crumbling edifice of the Fourth Republic.

Already, the General's failure to deal with the vital issue of Algiers-Paris relations has weighted the scales heavily in favour of the Algiers junta. With every day that has passed since de Gaulle was invested, they have strengthened and extended their grip on the military and administrative machine in Algeria, and pushed out tentacles into the heart of metropolitan France. Leaks from republican elements on the fringes of the military conspiracy, which have become available during the past ten days, now enable us to present a fairly detailed picture of the methods of the Algiers junta, and what it has so far accomplished.

The core of the army plot is formed by a group of colonels, six or seven in number. All have seen continuous service in Indo-China and Algeria, and their experience has bred an irreconcilable hatred of democratic institutions in any form. Their distinguished military records have, during the past two to five years, brought them key staff assignments or commands of crack units, such as parachute regiments. For a considerable time they have formed a coherent organisation within the army, exchanging views in the course of regular private meetings; during the past six months, as the crisis in the parliamentary regime developed, they began a systematic process of proselytisation, both among army and air force officers of field rank and above, and among senior civil servants in the 'power' ministries.

The outbreak of the May crisis found them with their organisation still incomplete, yet sufficiently strong to seize control of the Algiers uprising and canalise its political momentum. One of them, Colonel Lacheroy, controlled the military information services in Algeria; another, Colonel Goussault, Lacheroy's successor as head of the Army 5th Bureau (Psychological Affairs), possessed the means to direct and co-ordinate mob demonstrations, both European and Arab. A recent recruit, Massu, controlled the city garrison; and two of his regimental commanders were inner members of the group. As the crisis developed, as the power of the colonels revealed itself, and as retribution from Paris failed to materialise, General Salan threw in his lot with the junta and became its patron. The movement, of course, snowballed, gathering in its course all the litter and refuse which scatters the erring path of the Republic: *colons* and Poujardistes, Fascist thugs like Biaggi, failed politicians like Bidault, embittered generals, Gaullist romantics, and eventually the General himself.

There is no doubt that, by the time de Gaulle entered on the scene, the colonels commanded the means, as they had all along possessed the will, to overthrow the Republic by force. They planned, after the success of the Corsican *coup*, to land paratroops in selected targets in southern France and thence to progress, by easy stages, to Paris. They anticipated a sharp, short conflict, a few hundred dead, then total victory, with *themselves* issuing an invitation to de Gaulle to assume power. But the Walls of Jericho collapsed of their own accord, and, paradoxically, this was the colonels' first setback. It was the deputies who issued the invitation to power, and the General, once installed, found himself with two antagonistic sets of debtors to reward. Not unnaturally, preferring the known to the unknown, and administrative experience to romantic anarchy, he concocted a government of politicians and civil servants.

The colonels were quick to see their mistake and calculate its consequences. Lacheroy flew to Paris and gave a policy briefing, in a room in the Ecole Militaire, to members of his network. Here are verbatim extracts:

> General de Gaulle has not understood the significance of the 13 May Revolution. Nor have the French. It destroyed the system – the system none of us wants any more. We guillotined Mollet and Pflimlin morally . . . it's the revenge for all we were made to suffer in Indo-China, Morocco, Tunisia. People in France don't understand, but it doesn't matter – all we need is an active minority. . . . The paratroops are all we need. In three days – ten days at the most – everything would be over in Paris, three hundred dead, the union leaders powerless, the politicians in flight. But de Gaulle doesn't understand. He should not have appealed to parliament, he should never have presented himself to the deputies. The paratroops alone should have brought him to power. *Nous voulions de Gaulle par les paras et non de Gaulle par les Chambres.* . . . But in any case, we're not going to go back now. World opinion? It always accepts the *fait accompli* – look at Franco.

These are not the views of a paranoiac

NEXT WEEK

Children's Books Supplement

Mintoff on Malta's Crisis

Going on Holiday?

Do not rely on picking up a NEW SATESMAN wherever you go. If you are holiday-making off the beaten track we will post your copy to you each Thursday night; simply send us your address and 11½d. per copy. If you are staying at home, place an order with your newsagent.

New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1

dreamer: they are the positive, immediate programme of a shrewd, determined man of action. Since they were uttered, just over a fortnight ago, Lacheroy and his group have gone a long way towards translating them into reality. Every major decision, whether administrative or military, which has been taken in Algeria since de Gaulle assumed office, has strengthened the position of the junta. The events which followed 13 May forced the men holding positions of authority in Algeria out into the open: they revealed who was for the revolt, who was against, and who was hesitant. Armed with this knowledge, the junta has acted with speed and ruthlessness. Six generals, who declared themselves plainly against the revolt, and who instructed subordinate commanders not to accept office on the local Committees of Public Safety, have been relieved of their commands. On 18 June, expulsion orders were issued against 120 civil servants and political leaders with Republican sympathies, including Guy Mollet's chief Algerian lieutenant, M. Ceccaldi-Raynaud, head of the Socialist Federation. Many more have been confined to their houses and have been warned not to use the telephone.

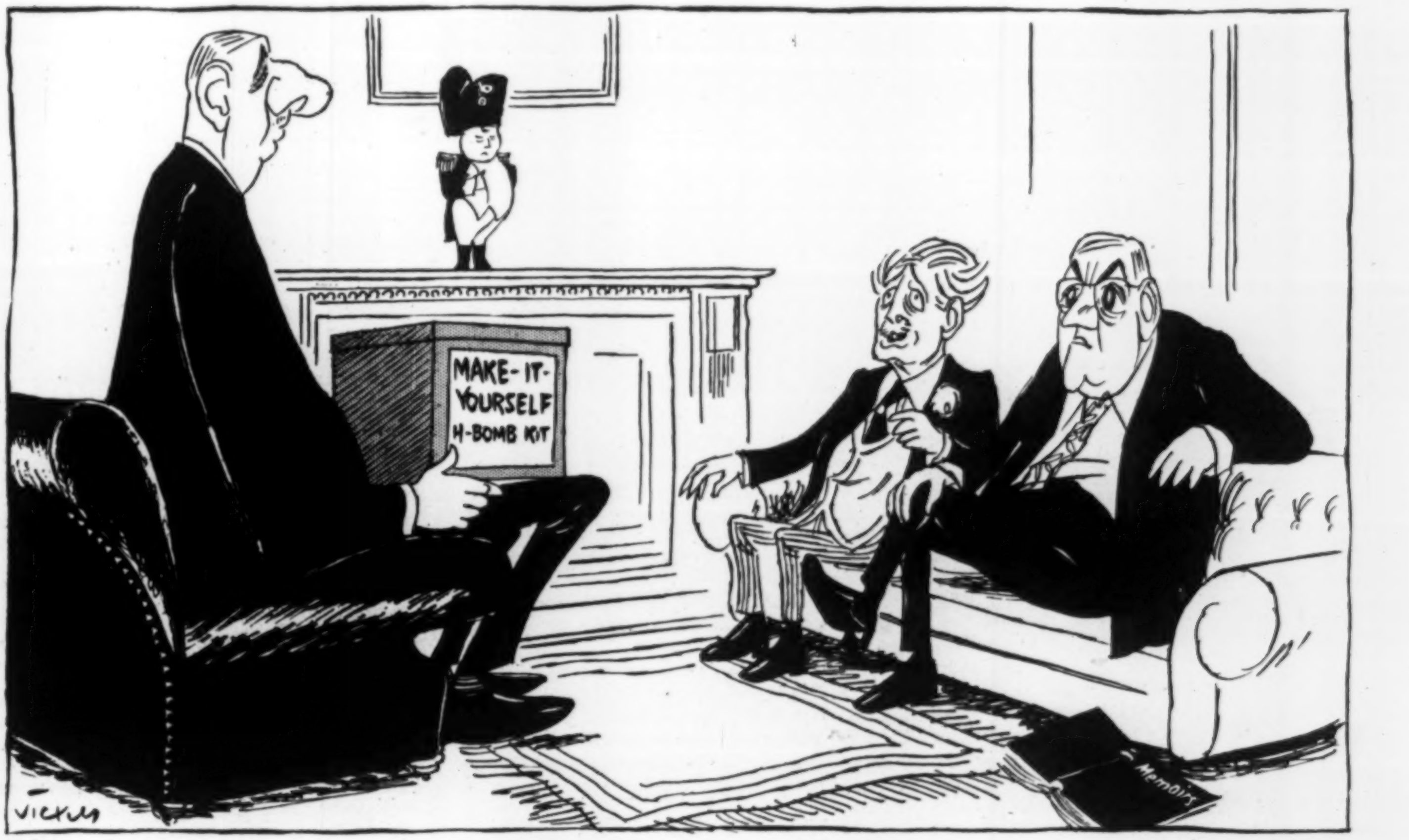
The junta has further annexed new centres of power. Five of the military conspirators have been appointed to key staff jobs in Paris. In Algiers, the special SAS network, set up to promote friendly relations between the army and the Algerian people, has been totally reorganised: between 70 and 80 'suspect' officers have been returned to regimental duties, and replaced by 15 of Lacheroy's 'co-ordinators'. Colonel Godard, head of all the police, both military and civil, and another of Lacheroy's men, has replaced all the civil officers by army commanders. Most important of all, the junta has now secured control of the 2nd Bureau – intelligence and counter-espionage – the one key sector of the army command which had hitherto remained loyal to the government. Its two chiefs, Colonel Ruyssen and Commandant Baudet, both hand-picked by Paris, were removed from their commands two weeks ago. The fall of this particular bastion is crucial, for it means that de Gaulle and his ministers no longer possess an independent source of information about what is really going on across the Mediterranean. Henceforth, they must rely entirely on what Colonel Lacheroy chooses to tell them.

Paris has neither initiated nor approved these changes. The Ministry of Defence – or any other ministry for that matter – can no longer get its orders obeyed in Algeria. Three times during the last month, the ministry has issued specific orders commanding Colonel Trinquier and his parachute regiment to leave the Algiers sector and take up frontier duties. They have been countermanded by Salan. In at least a score of cases, military postings, ordered by Paris for political reasons, have been held up in Algiers. General Salan has totally ignored direct orders from de Gaulle to disband the public safety committees; on the contrary, on 11 June, he issued instruction for such committees to be set up in all towns where they had not already been formed. The government learned of this decision only through the newspapers. Further, Salan has ignored de Gaulle's orders to prepare for municipal elections on a basis of universal suffrage – the core of the government's immediate plans for an Algerian settlement, and the first and vital proof of whether its proposals really mean anything. The municipal authorities in Algiers, before they were silenced following the enforced resignation of the liberal mayor, Jacques Chevalier, made it clear that to hold an election – at least in the big cities – was a simple administrative operation: all the polling officers had to do was to punch a hole in the identity cards carried by all adults. General Salan has now abandoned the plan as 'impracticable': the public safety committees are to carry out the work of the proposed elected bodies 'until the end of the emergency'.

Hence, Algiers is ready, and more than ready, for de Gaulle. His ambiguities, no matter how magisterial, can no longer fudge the issue; or rather, any attempt on his part to employ them would itself be proof positive of capitulation. If he seriously intends to reassert the authority of Paris, he must, immediately, take the following steps: (1) replace Salan by a civilian minister with full powers; (2) court-martial Lacheroy, Goussault and Godard; (3) disband the public safety committee and ensure that the municipal elections are carried out. It is just conceivable that, acting with ruthless promptitude, he may still possess sufficient personal authority to accomplish these things.

Personally, I have little doubt that the General will hesitate, and so fail. From the outset, I believed it was a mistake to invest de Gaulle legally, and subsequent events have merely confirmed my view. No doubt, as Jules Moch has been telling foreign journalists, the Republic, had it chosen to fight, would have promptly succumbed to the paratroops. But the nature of the conspiracy would then have been plain for all to see. Lacking reputable political leadership, surviving only by force, its duration would have been short. Now it has been handed the cloak not only of Gaullist, but of Republican virtue. De Gaulle and the Republic rump legitimised the junta without securing a single concession in return. Since then, the colonels have systematically completed their penetration of the military machine. Today, confident and determined, they face a man whose only weapon is a vulnerable myth. Old men who have been long in the wilderness do not lightly relinquish even the illusion of power. We must not be unduly surprised if de Gaulle takes the easy way out.

PAUL JOHNSON



The Absolute Punishers

I BELIEVE it is still true that in this country the majority of people are what I would call absolute punishers, a considerable number being punishment mad. They all share an invincible belief that every criminal, on the brink of each new enterprise, pauses to set out a mental trial balance of its risks and rewards, tots them up, and then makes a clear-eyed decision. The absolute punishers predominate overwhelmingly in the police, rather less in the prison service (whose representative has lately, however, made a public speech demanding the restoration of the birch), less again on the Bench, much less among practising advocates. In most of the social services they are regarded as fair game for research.

We are all expected, nowadays, to contemplate crime as a social phenomenon rather than as one involving a number of nasty individuals. I wonder if recent advances in literacy have had the effect that great numbers of people are now expected to do this before their capacity to think has caught up with their ability to read. I see that people abroad have been asking Mr Leslie Hale, MP, 'why is it that in penal matters Britain led the world fifty years ago and is now so far behind?' Few British penologists would maintain that, in the temper of our public opinion, we have ever led the world in this respect. On the contrary, it may well have been the tolerant, discretionary, and unemotional nature of our law-enforcement system, itself the product of insular security rather than of any native moral excellence, that has thrown up and nourished our reactionary punishers. The best description of them that I have ever seen was given by Lord Justice Asquith in a letter to *The Times* on 29 March, 1950:

> The reasonably reflective middlebrow is more 'expiationist' than he is apt to suppose. His disclaimers are perfectly sincere. He roundly condemns hurting a man simply because he has hurt others, for the same reason that he would condemn stealing off a thief, cheating a swindler or paying out a blackmailer in his own squalid coin. But while the word retribution is not allowed to soil his lips, the idea lingers on in his bones, informs his conduct, and undermines his logic.

There are certainly good grounds for the suggestion that we ought to establish a new science of victimology, with chairs at the universities, field workers studying the effects rather than the causes of crime, and a special department assessing the impact of sex-crime reports on women. On 21 May, when Miss Hornsby-Smith tried to explain Home Office policy to the annual conference of the Women's National Advisory Committee of the Conservative Party, in answer to a debate about sex offences against children, her audience nearly drowned her speech with angry shouts for more hanging and the resumption of flogging. One delegate, moving a resolution that deplored the leniency of the courts, spoke amid constant applause of 'sex maniacs who roam the country seeking their prey, knowing that even if they murder their victim they can no longer be hanged, and if they do not murder they can only receive a light sentence'.

Now one of the few official crime figures that can be accepted as giving a fairly accurate picture is that which discloses, at irregular intervals and usually in response to parliamentary questions, how the current rate of murders compares with that of similar periods in the immediate past. It shows that the average rate at the moment is no higher than it was before the Homicide Act, 1957, came into force. It is also known that the crimes for which offenders could formerly be flogged (and which did not include sexual assaults) have actually decreased since flogging was abolished in 1948. And of the last 43 children murdered, nearly all were killed by their parents and only four were killed for sexual motives. But it is almost worse than useless to present these facts to the hangers and floggers, especially when they are women at a meeting, united by a compassion they can understand, and not trying to work the thing out in bewildered solitude. The language does not exist which would enable them to apprehend the truth; and if it did, and you successfully used it, you would merely have made them angrier than before. (The next day they would remember only that you were in favour of sexual assaults on children as a preliminary to murdering them.)

'The angry mothers of Britain,' said the *Woman's Sunday Mirror* on 18 May, 'are behind a great new campaign to protect themselves and their children from the menace of sex assaults and other crimes of violence'. Three million women, it went on, were represented by resolutions to be discussed at conferences of the Women Conservatives, the Women's Institutes, the Townswomen's Guilds, and the Women's Section of the British Legion. But this is not a fair picture: at that stage, the three million women didn't even know what the resolutions were. The Women's Institutes, for example, overwhelmingly voted down their reactionaries and approved a plan for the treatment of difficult and violent children at school, co-operation between youth workers and the police, more inquiry by the courts before passing sentence, an extension of the prison psychiatric service, and the segregation of sexual offenders for special treatment. Nor were the Townswomen's Guilds, as it turned out, at all sympathetic to their wilder members. The Mothers' Union has produced a sensible booklet advising parents what they should do to protect their children against sexual molestation.

The harassed ladies organising these conferences, whose job it is to get the resolutions printed and try not to be too embarrassed about the worst of them, can tell you a lively story about their own last-minute scramblings for authoritative answers; while the resolutions often disclose as much about their proposers' emotional lives as a long session on the analyst's couch. The answers which Miss Hornsby-Smith was to give to the Conservative Women, who were to receive them with groans and cries of dissent, were all known beforehand. They are not enough, or they come from the wrong source, or they need elaborate stage-managing (as the truth often does).

There is the same resistance to the proposals of the Royal Commission on Mental Health concerning easier discharge from mental hospitals and mental deficiency hospitals. People who belong to the National Association for Mental Health are, by necessary implication, people who support that organisation's progressive policies in relation to the treatment of mental disorder. Yet at its annual conference at Church House in March, one of the most vociferous displays of enthusiasm was that with which the delegates greeted the one honestly reactionary speech of the day. This speaker reminded the conference about a discharged mental patient who had killed a 10-year-old girl and then said he had always been afraid it would happen, and about a woman on leave from a mental hospital who took someone else's baby from its pram and drowned it. The whole concern of the Royal Commission on Mental Health, said the speaker, had been with 'the liberty of the subject'; but 'the subject' was always the mental patient. What about the liberty of the general public?

This was perhaps hardly fair to a report which, in its concern to protect the public as well as to humanise the treatment of mental disorder, actually proposes uncertified detention, without any magisterial order, for potentially dangerous psychopaths under twenty-five. This, the most controversial suggestion in the report, has been widely greeted as an attack on fundamental liberties, in view of the impossibility of defining a psychopath.

But there it is: in many people's minds, an unbridgeable gap between the social conscience and concern for the individual. Is the proposed system of community care for the mentally disordered, for example, a system worth having? 'Nothing worth having is to be had without risk', wrote Shaw in the Preface to *Blanco Posnet*:

> A mother risks her child's life every time she lets it ramble through the countryside, or cross the street, or clamber over the rocks on the shore by itself. A father risks his son's morals when he gives him a latchkey . . . . And though these are only risks to the individual, to the community they are certainties. It is not certain that I will be killed this year in a railway accident; but it is certain that somebody will.

Honest compassion has no coefficient in the world of statistics – at least up to now. An unreliable guide to policy on its own, it nevertheless has the loudest voice and draws the warmest cheers. I suppose the majority of young parents would prefer that a million mentally disordered people were permanently 'locked up' than that harm should befall their children. The development of civilised society has always depended on the extent to which considerations of that kind can be subordinated to the common good.

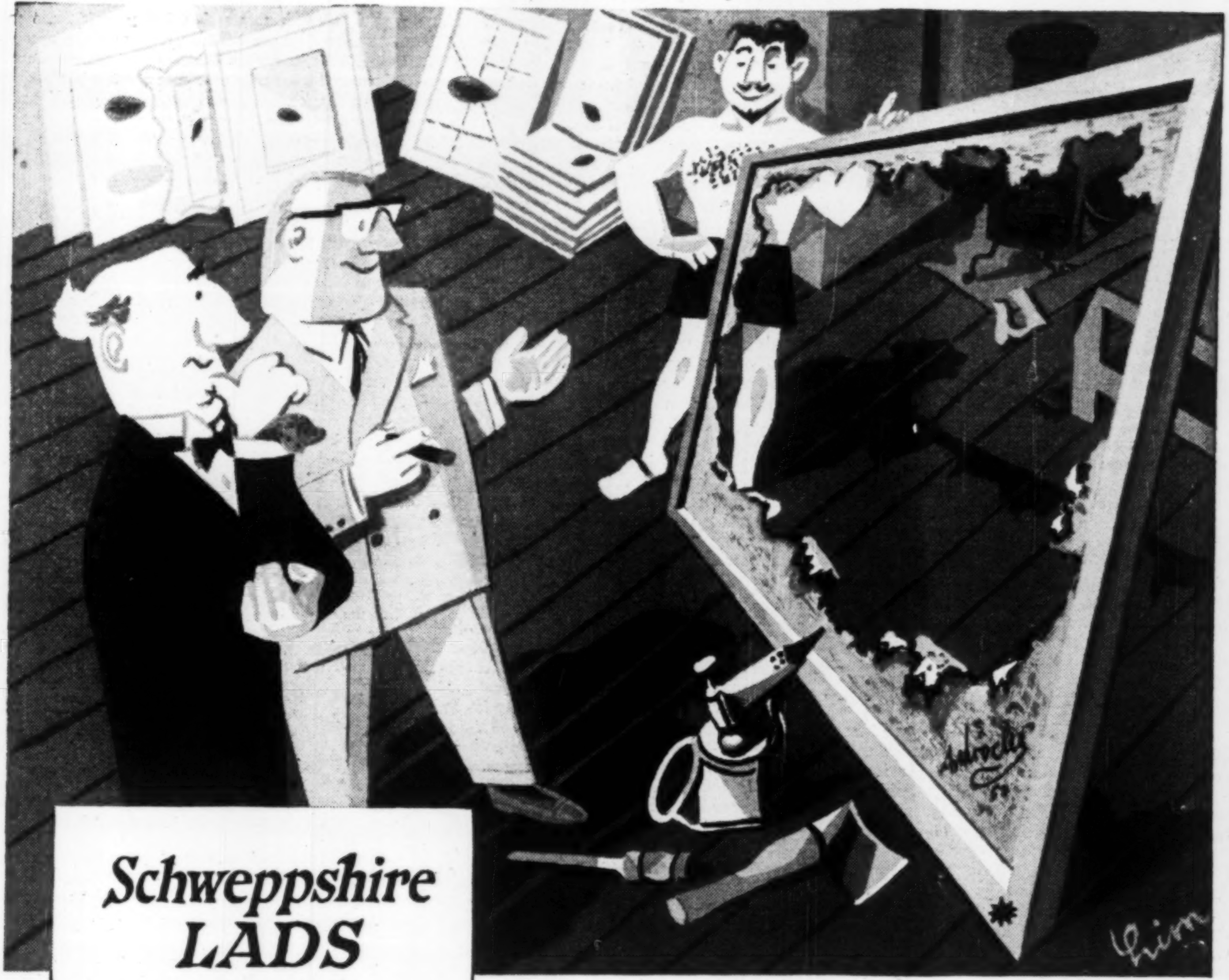
C. H. ROLPH

London Diary

THE Swiss have banned a conference about nuclear weapons which was to meet this weekend in Basle. The British team included Lord Russell, J. B. Priestley, Jacquetta Hawkes and Ritchie Calder. Distinguished people were also to go from other European countries. The idea of the conference was to discover whether there is a basis for a joint European committee to unite the various national nuclear committees. I wondered how the Swiss, so resolutely neutral, could really object to this. I learn that they complained that Russell's appeal spoke of preventing the spread of nuclear weapons to countries outside the present suicide club. This, they say, is meddling with their internal affairs! How, I wondered, could this be? And then I recalled that on 10 June last the Swiss Defence Department said that 'the acquisition of missiles and nuclear arms constitutes an absolute necessity for Switzerland'. And I had always thought that the Swiss were comparatively sane.

* * *

No one would know from the national press that the Nuclear Campaign is both active and well organised. The march on London was an impressive affair. In spite of pouring rain the police estimate is that about eight thousand took part and that nearly four thousand stood in Trafalgar Square to listen to speeches. More impressive and



Schweppshire LADS

ANDROCLES SMALL

SMALL had always been a dedicated artist But although he himself realised, more than anybody, how tremendously dedicated he was, as an artist, this fact never made him particularly happy to be one. He was a natural rebel of course, but having been b.1911 he came of age at a time when it was becoming increasingly difficult to find things to be rebellious about. To Androcles the kitchen sink style was practically indistinguishable from sheep in snow against a low sun; and even when he was only five the design of the scarf knitted for him by his least favourite aunt was cubist.

Still he did his best. It was Androcles who introduced fixed mobiles. Androcles who hung his carpets on his walls and turned his pictures into hearth rugs, who made a Memorial Group out of old carburettors, who drove his car over his dust bin and put a gold frame round the result. In his Thick period he represented flat surfaces by a bas-relief of warmed up shepherd's pie. In his Pip period it was Androcles who spent five years really getting to know the apple pip and another five learning where to place it on the canvas. Success came, curiously, when he became overwhelmed with such a hatred of canvas and all the instruments of his trade that he turned First Vacuist and earned final fame and acceptance by destroying his canvas altogether.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

very imaginatively produced was the women's meeting in Church Hall. I can recall nothing similar unless one goes back to the early days of the women's suffrage movement. The hall was full and the speakers included Margaret Lane, Marghanita Laski, Jill Balcon, Jacquetta Hawkes, Winifred de Kok and others equally well known. I wish I could have been there, but the meeting was for women only. A particularly moving episode in a carefully prepared and dramatic programme was Dame Peggy Ashcroft's reading of a poem which (I can divulge) was written by Jacquetta Hawkes. One reason why this poem (which is printed in another page of this issue) seems memorable is that it is not a tribute to the past but a militant encouragement to women today.

* * *

'How nice,' as a good old-fashioned left-winger put it the other day, 'for once to be on the winning side!' He was referring to the prospect of greeting Paul Robeson here. Robeson is the first to profit by the Supreme Court decision that the State Department had no right to withhold passports simply on political grounds. For years now a vast public, which includes many who think that Paul has been led politically astray, have been longing once again to hear his voice. He will be greeted here as an artist rather than as a propagandist. I gather that his TV, film, concert and theatre contracts have not yet been completed, but I understand that he has been invited, and in principle has accepted the invitation, to do a special performance of *Othello* at Stratford-upon-Avon.

* * *

Mr Yeats' complaint in our correspondence columns this week is about as fair as electoral propaganda commonly is; that is to say it distorts what I said and triumphantly deals with points I didn't make. First, knowing and loving Ireland, as I do, I was careful to say that the Irish Republic was not at all a tyranny like Portugal. I restricted my comparison with Portugal to three points: the censorship, the paucity of its education, and the failure substantially to raise the peasants' standard of living. The silly censorship is a fact; the low standard of education undeniable; and as for Mr Yeats' calory figures, anyone who visits the west of Ireland can judge for himself how miserably limited the boasted improvement is. There has been some drive about housing and that does, I suppose, almost constitute a revolution in contrast to the total neglect of the past. I note that Irish immigrants to the UK have a very high tuberculosis incidence, though good work was done in fighting TB, notably while Dr Browne was Health Minister in 1948-51. I take it that Mr Yeats will not deny that it was clerical influence that defeated Dr Browne's health scheme and hounded him out of office. The denial of divorce to non-Catholics in Eire is another obvious example. As to the effects of putting faith first, the Fethard boycott will do as an example to be going on with. The quotation from de Valera which Mr Yeats denies is taken from an interview recently published in the *New York Journal American* and reported in the *Irish Press* on 19 October 1957. When asked what event he thought would have the most profound effect on Ireland's progress during the years ahead, the Taoiseach replied: 'Restoration of Irish as an ordinary spoken language'. It is this remark to which the National Progressive Democrats referred in saying that 'It is nothing short of political insanity to try to force our youth to learn a language which gives them no advantage in the land where 750,000 of them are destined to live and work. Yet the language revival is said to be the primary object of national policy'.

I am glad to learn that David Ennals, the able and forthright secretary of the United Nations Association, has resigned to become the head of the international department of the Labour Party. This is as sensible an appointment as that of John Hatch who becomes the first head of a new Labour Party department. How long the National Executive of the party has been in deciding that a Commonwealth department was needed! A small group within the party has been trying for years to persuade the hard core of insular, unimaginative people to recognise its colonial and commonwealth responsibilities. Old party hands are apt to feel guilty and uncomfortable when colonial affairs compete for time and money with familiar matters like wages and housing and winning the next election. But a Socialist party cannot live without a moral issue, and in our day the class struggle has been largely transferred to the colonial field. There have been signs of the approaching victory. The Commonwealth Officer was finally sent on an expedition to the British African territories where he gathered evidence about the Khama dispute. He was also sent to Malta and the West Indies, and the party did give £5,000 to build administration for the new West Indian Federal Labour Party in 1956. Labour has discovered the imperial proletariat.

* * *

Quite by accident, François Mauriac wrote one of the funniest articles of his life last week. A fervent supporter of de Gaulle, he praised the General in *L'Express* for restoring the freedom of the press and 'respect for Republican legality'. His words, alas, remained unread: the entire issue was suppressed. *France-Observateur* suffered the same fate. Mauriac was not the only man to be surprised by this development: so, it seems, was the entire cabinet. M. André Malraux, the Minister of Information, knew nothing about it. Nor did de Gaulle's staff. On the contrary, they found *L'Express's* interview with the FLN leader Krim Belkacem – the alleged reason for the seizure – of absorbing interest, particularly since Belkacem echoed several ideas which the General himself holds. The Minister of the Interior admitted that he carried out the orders to seize the papers, but added that the decision had been taken by somebody else. Who? It was finally discovered to be an official at the Defence Ministry, where the Algiers junta already controls several key posts. In the dark days of the Fourth Republic, I seem to remember, a paper was seized only on the express orders of a responsible minister, countersigned by the premier. But that was before de Gaulle 'restored the authority of the state'.

* * *

Fielders running for a high one on the Ickford cricket ground in Buckinghamshire have been known to trip over courting couples concealed in the long grass. But this hazard is a slight one compared with those which faced the NEW STATESMAN staff there in their annual match with *Tribune* this week. *Tribune*, rejecting the cult of personality, went in for collective leadership, which meant that the NEW STATESMAN had to bat in what amounted to an extra-mural session of Free Speech. And when they themselves took the field they found that they had to bowl to a gentleman who occupies any time he can spare from printing *Tribune* in captaining the Essex Second Eleven. Against this the Staggerers could deploy only two unusual weapons. One was Vicky, who graphically demonstrated why it is that Hungarians concentrate on football; and the other was a herd of Hereford beef cattle which, apparently maddened by the unusual sight of day-long sunshine, twice burst on to the pitch. The takings at the Rising Sun were an all-time record. The result? Well, it seems that last year it went to arbitration because of a difference in the scorebooks. This year, only *Tribune* kept the score and I have not been able to secure a photostat of the alleged figures.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I do wish that there were some other way of legalising receipts and similar documents than signing through a stamp bearing the Queen's face. I I feel most disrespectful every time I have to do so. Couldn't some other sort of stamp be used? – Letter in *Everybody's Weekly*. (J. Avery.)

'One small boy asked me what was the matter with rock 'n' roll and I said: "Are you a Christian?" He replied, "Yes, sir." And I said, "Well, if Jesus was here now do you think he would like to listen to rock 'n' roll?" And he replied, "No sir." Very emphatically. "No, sir." And I think the emphatic "No" indicated that the point had gone home to the boy. How else is one to explain it to a small boy?' – *Brighton Evening Argus*. (E. M. Ainsworth.)

Past gala day incidents at Mr Johnson's hotel include those in which men smashed beer glasses, tore down floral arrangements and danced in the lounge with flowers in their hair and between their teeth. – *Newcastle Journal*. (Jonathan Paterson.)

Fried Shoes

An American called Corso, who has written verses in praise of nuclear weapons, stated in a recent interview: 'The square poets don't dig what we're doing. . . . None of their poems starts with *Fried shoes*. Our poetry is Wham-bam, whatever comes into our mind. That's our message'.

Fried shoes I find pedestrian. On the moon
The glaring rays bombard the dust – *wham-bam!*
They say the spacemen will be landing soon –
I shall consider staying where I am
Unfried, while it remains, within my hutch.
(Time is a thing of which we haven't much.)

I've heard it is a scientific fact
That lunar dust is anything but stable
And human feet might cause it to react –
Let us stay here as long as we are able;
But, either way, it cannot be denied
That we (*wham-bam!*) may very soon be fried.

Bang-boom, ye lakes, bang-boom, ye rivers, Bing!
(I quote from Mr Corso on the Bomb.)
I somehow fail to dig this sort of thing,
And – in the paper that I got it from –
I read, without surprise, about a shoe
Which, Mr Corso, someone threw at you.

An unfried shoe, most probably, it was.
(*Wham-bam* – that was its message.) But I think
That you were right to call us 'squares', because
Old fruits like Dulles drive us to the brink:
Space travel why should anyone discuss
When *they* have brought the Lunar World to *us*?

Hep Poet of this Nuclear Age, you will
Perceive there's no percentage in the sky:
Tell them *there's nothing there for them to kill* –
Here the Beat Generation longs to die;
To their machans the beaters drive the squares –
Wham-bam! And all the shoes are fried in pairs. . . .

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Forerunner

JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN – after Nehru, the most revered figure in India – is now in England on a short visit, at the invitation of Quakers and Socialists. He is one of the very few people who believe that they know a way out from the world's present impasse. His views and programme may be read in his manifesto to the Socialist colleagues he no longer leads.* But his message is not really to be understood in words. The importance of *Sarvodaya* is that it is now practised by some 4,000 Indian villages and wins more villages to its faith every day.

'The faith and hope that people seem to repose in politics appears pitiable to me,' Jayaprakash wrote after he had left the Socialist Party and joined Vinoba Bhave, the Gandhian founder of the *Sarvodaya* movement. Human freedom is the aim; how can it survive if power, capitalist or Socialist, is concentrated at the centre? 'Everywhere I see the trend more clearly. Whether it is the Welfare state, whether it is the Socialist state, whether it is the Communist state, in all these forms of social and economic and political organisation we find, at least I see very clearly, concentration of power, economic and political power, in fewer and fewer hands day by day.' How, he asks, can political democracy possibly withstand this economic concentration? With Rousseau, he ridicules the notion of Parliamentary representation of people whose needs and desires widely differ according to their local circumstances. In spite of the destructive influence of British occupation, Indian villages, he believes – and after all India still mainly consists of some 600,000 villages – are still the natural kernel of self-government. He takes us back to the Russian soviets before the Communist party destroyed their independence. Here voting is not necessary; a consensus of opinion such as the Quakers reach, can take the place of majority voting because in local matters, where people understand their business, they will listen to the facts and reach an understanding instead of being bamboozled by politicians.

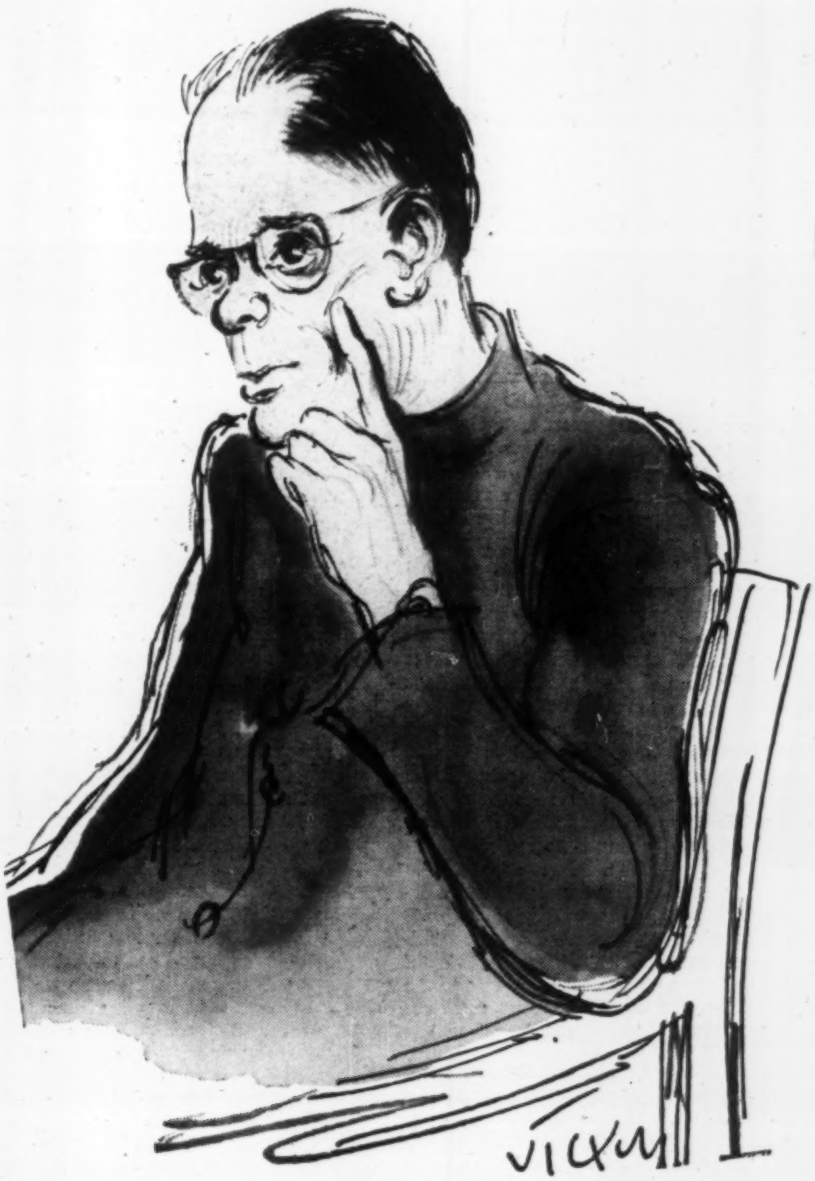
No such self-governing institution can be made by force; it must grow from the roots. And if Jayaprakash is told that villages even in India are now dependent on towns, that they are infected by national hopes and five-year plans, he replies that it may still not be too late to persuade the villager that he will not gain from vast industrial enterprises. If he wishes to increase his standard of life, as Jayaprakash admits he must, his only certain way is by increasing his own production. The fruits of great industry go mainly to the middle classes and are wasted on war and bureaucracy and showmanship. If he understands this, the villager will be content with a modest improvement in his living standard and realise what the Western world has forgotten, that with the necessities provided, happiness is not achieved through the multiplication of wants. How, Jayaprakash asks, can you hope to have domestic or international peace if everyone lives in a state of agitation hoping to have something rather bigger and grander than his neighbour? Giganticism is the disease of our age, and decentralisation conferred from the top is no answer. We live in a top-heavy age. The pyramid must be reversed.

Jayaprakash gave up politics and became a follower and co-worker of Vinoba Bhave after a long and not only spiritual pilgrimage. He is not, like Nehru, a produce of India's sophisticated and westernised middle class, nor does he come, like Gandhi, from the hangers-on of the princely states. It is sometimes forgotten that Gandhi's father was a prime minister, even though of a very minor state. Jayaprakash was born in 1902 in Bihar province, the son of a peasant. His early life was so simple that he was nineteen before he ever saw a tram-car. In spite of poverty he was determined to educate himself. He won a university scholarship in India – and promptly renounced it at Gandhi's call to Indian youth not to co-operate with the British even to the extent of receiving education in a university which they had created. So, in 1922, he went to America.

There, for eight years, he alternately worked for money and spent it studying economics, biology and psychology. He picked fruit on the large fruit farms owned by Indians in California; and, like Ho Chi Minh and Mussolini, he was for some time a waiter in a restaurant. In the United States he became an almost fanatical Marxist. He went back to India in 1929, where Jawaharlal Nehru at once put him in charge of the Labour Research Department of the India Congress.

This was the time of the great civil disobedience movement. Leader after leader went to prison, and Jayaprakash, after acting for a time in their absence as general secretary of the party, followed them into jail. Here, confined with a group of young intellectuals, he laid the foundations of the Congress Socialist Party, a group still within Congress but with its own organisation and ideas.

Jayaprakash was released with a jail delivery when civil disobedience was suspended. There followed an experimental alliance between his Socialist group and the Indian Communist Party. This ended in recrimination. It was Jayaprakash's first contact with the Communists, and the experience which he gained of their methods of infiltration and deception convinced him that co-operation with them was impossible. He recalls today that Gandhi, in their last conversation, repeated again that you cannot achieve good ends by evil and violent means. But at that period the government of India could not distinguish between a Communist and a Marxist Socialist. Socialism was more frightening to them than nationalism, to which they had grown accustomed. Jayaprakash was arrested again, this time for



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* *Towards a New Society. By Jayaprakash Narayan.* (Published by the Congress for Cultural Freedom, New Delhi.)

opposing an 'imperialist war', and remained in prison during the years while Congress moved towards its great defiance of the imperial government and the 'open rebellion' of 1942.

Soon after this broke out, Jayaprakash, with four companions, escaped from Hazaribagh prison. There followed the most romantic period of his life. In hiding he appears to have directed the activities of Congress terrorists who, ignoring Gandhi's precepts of non-violence, derailed trains, blew up bridges, cut telegraph wires and stopped at almost nothing in the conduct of guerrilla rebellion. The government offered a reward of R.10,000 for his capture. Once he was caught in Nepal, but was rescued by revolutionary guerrillas. He remained free for months, but was finally recaptured in the Punjab and remained a close prisoner until 1946.

In the years of Indian independence Jayaprakash became the enigma of Indian politics. In 1948 and on several other later occasions, Nehru, exasperated by the right wing of Congress and seeing in Jayaprakash one of the few men of integrity and influence who shared his ideals for India, sought to persuade him to join his government. The Socialists formally separated themselves from Congress. At one time Nehru might have groomed Jayaprakash for his heir. But Jayaprakash refused. His passion for liberty, which made him first an idealistic Marxist, then a Socialist and now a follower of Vinoba Bhave, included the desire for a degree of personal liberty that was incompatible with party politics. In 1948, after Gandhi's murder, he made a speech denouncing Patel, the Home Minister, whose tenderness towards communalism had, he believed, encouraged Gandhi's assassin. If Patel was dismissed, he said, he would join Nehru's government. Clearly such a public attack defeated its own object – if indeed, Jayaprakash desired office. In fact he did not; power was not what he sought. This meant that he was not a politician. In politics one must desire power and work with others who are less pure-minded than oneself.

It was not until about six years after Gandhi's murder that Jayaprakash came under the influence of Vinoba Bhave, the Gandhian and saintly prophet of the Bhoodan movement for voluntary land redistribution. Jayaprakash's political ideas began afresh. He repudiated his past Marxism, condemned class warfare and helped Vinoba Bhave to carry his movement to a stage beyond the mere voluntary surrender of land. Suffering himself from diabetes, he could not keep pace physically with the extraordinary athletic feats of Bhave, who, an old man, walks from village to village untiring, often without food for many hours day after day, under the blazing Indian sun. But he was as active as Bhave himself, and to him, in part at least, must be attributed the development from Bhoodan, which is the pooling of land, to Gramdan, which is a village community revolution involving a pooling of all resources, a co-operative life, an approach to self-sufficiency as a unit and independent self-government.

How far is such a revolution possible in the mid-Twentieth century? Certainly Jayaprakash would not claim that it can be applied at present to the industrialised West. It may, he believes, still not be too late to recreate village self-government in India. If not, he thinks the chance of saving democracy in the world at all very slender indeed. Possibly Bhave's movement will achieve what the friars did in the Middle Ages. It may found an Order of people with an ideal which is fundamentally opposed to the trend of the age. In India at least, hope might go further than this. *Sarvodaya* is at least the embryo of a challenge to the great forces of industrialism, mass-propaganda and centralised power; if there is world war it may outlast in the less-developed parts of the earth the threat from American capitalism on the one side and Soviet Communism on the other.

For Jayaprakash there is still another question. Will he personally be able to spend the rest of his life building *Sarvodaya*? He has immense popular prestige. When Nehru was slow to denounce Soviet repression in Hungary, Jayaprakash's outspoken attack was greeted with nation-wide applause. When Nehru ceases to be Premier, Congress will almost certainly split. Jayaprakash will be hailed by Socialists inside and outside Congress as their only leader. Will he return to politics? He is always asked this question. He says no he will not. But in an emergency? He replies that no one knows what he will do in an emergency. But which of us is likely to escape an emergency in the next decade?

Now at Last

It is said that there were Amazons, but more likely
They were a myth.
Women have not gone to war; ours has been an agelong army
Of fluttering hands and retreating into the house
With eyes wet or very dry.
Afterwards the messenger or the telegram or just waiting and waiting.
But since Anno Domini 1945 it has been different. Quite different.
Men may still march away, yet the battlefield is everywhere
It is the whole globe.
Now the sudden wings of death shadow more of earth
Than does the cone of night.
And the wings of death shadow more than time present,
They stretch out over time future casting their darkness
Over generation after generation.

Now at least we women must rouse ourselves to resistance
For this is our business. Indeed it is our business.
If once to live privately was a virtue, it is so no more;
If once pliability was a virtue, it is so no more;
If once blind loyalty was a virtue, it has ceased to be so;
If quietness and acceptance were virtues they can no longer be praised.
For now at last we have to resist
Not in battalions or in swaying crowds
But by one and one and one to the number of half the world.

A few men seem possessed by a devil
Begotten, perhaps, by hate out of a child's fear
Others again have so imprisoned themselves with arguments, with pleasing sophistries
That they cannot see daylight;
And some have a stomach for sacrifice
Corrupted by a secret appetite for death.
But many more – and alas we women cannot blind ourselves to this obscenity –
Many more have remained as boys, just boys
Heedlessly playing. But the spring of the toys they are winding
Is death.
We must take power from these madmen, these prisoners, these perilous children.

Women have seldom been the great creators
Rather we have been the continuers, the protectors, the lovers of life.
Now life itself is threatened,
The breath of all creation happy under the sun.
So let us arm ourselves with the names of women
Who have been great in the cause of life.
With the names of Helen Keller and Marie Curie
Of Elizabeth Fry who died long ago, and Margery her kinswoman
Who died just too soon to be here tonight.
And with the name, surely to be honoured, of that young Helen Smit
Who forsook physics for the law when she found the devil
Her new director of studies
With the names of Octavia Hill, Florence Nightingale, and Eleanor Rathbone
Of Ellen Wilkinson and Eleanor Roosevelt,
Of Ulanova, even, who can scotch enmity beneath her toe.
And when we have armed ourselves with these names,
And with the knowledge of all those, nameless,
Who have lived to protect the weak, relieve suffering, misery and injustice,
Let us make it known with the wisdom of simplicity
And the strength of half the world
That war is no longer heroic or honourable
But murder, just plain murder. Cowardly. Base. Universal.
Let us make it known that we here in our island
Will have no more of it; will renounce the instruments of hate.
Love is still a virtue. Our greatest virtue.
But it must be for all men born of women –
For all mankind.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

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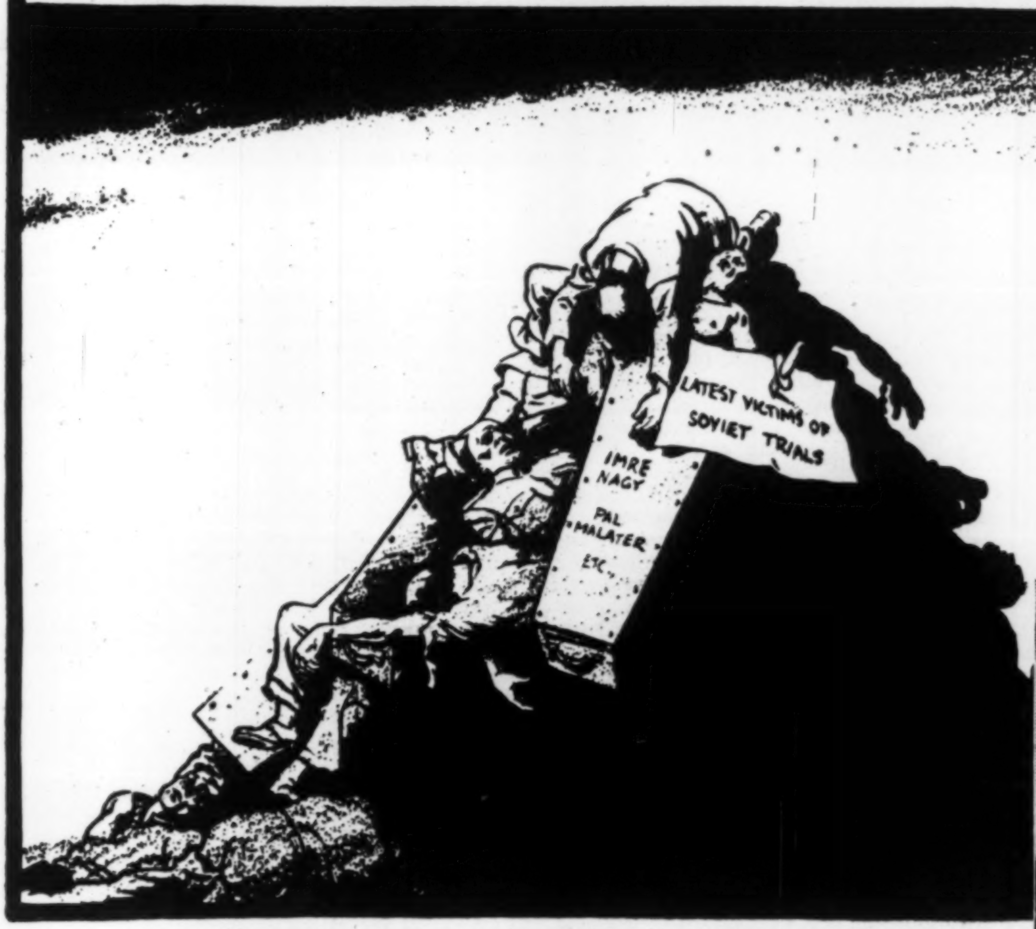
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DAILY HERALD

J. A. Hobson

JOHN ATKINSON HOBSON, the centenary of whose birth falls next Sunday, died in 1940. His importance as a contributor to the stream of social and political thought is recognised now more than it ever was during his lifetime. He was for most of his life an upholder of unpopular causes, and won little recognition. I am glad to think that I was among those who appreciated his high merits when I first came to know his work, and that I was privileged to enjoy his friendship.

Hobson remains memorable mainly for two things – in economics for his steady championship of the theory of under-consumption as the main cause of capitalist instability, and in politics for his book, *Imperialism,* which was largely the foundation for Lenin's theory of imperialism as the final stage of capitalism. Nevertheless, important though both these are, I prefer to think of him chiefly, as he thought of himself, as the champion of a comprehensive study of the conditions of human welfare embracing all the social studies, within which economics and other specialist subjects were really no more than subordinate and closely interrelated branches.

Hobson was above all else a disciple of John Ruskin, whose social doctrine, as expounded in *Unto This Last,* was the theme of one of his early books. Social study was in his eyes, as in Ruskin's, essentially normative, as concerned with the conditions of the good life. A prolific and repetitive writer, he was always in search of new ways of expressing the essential unity of all branches of social study and of finding practical ways in which social knowledge could be applied to good purpose. As a result, almost all the specialists who dominated the various fields regarded him as no more than a tolerated, or even a cranky, amateur; he therefore got much less than his share of the credit.

It was as an economist that I first became familiar with Hobson's writing. The under-consumption theory with which he was ever afterwards associated was presented first of all in his first book, which he wrote in collaboration with the mountaineer, A. F. Mummery, as early as 1889. That book was the aftermath of an argument, in the course of which Hobson had begun by espousing, against Mummery, the then orthodox and almost universal view embodied in Say's famous *théorie des débouchées* that every commodity produced constituted its own market through the purchasing power generated in the course of its production, so that unemployment had to be explained as the outcome of temporary factors leading to deviations from a normal condition of full employment. In the course of the argument Mummery, who rejected the alleged law, converted Hobson to the view that under capitalism production had a tendency to outrun consuming power mainly because of the poverty of the masses, and that the accumulation of wealth in the hands of a minority led to attempts at too much saving for the investment market to absorb. This condition, with its corollary of the need to overcome crises by improving the purchasing power of the poorer consumers, met with fierce and contemptuous resistance from most of the economists of the day. Hobson was black-listed as a dangerous crank and was even prevented from continuing his extension lectures on Economics under London University and was never able to hold any academic position for the rest of his life.

The initial exposition of Hobson's views in *The Physiology of Industry* (1889) was in many respects crude; but he returned to the subject in other books, notably *The Industrial System* (1909) and his small volume in the Home University Library, *The Science of Wealth* (1911), both of which aroused keen controversy, but did nothing to convert the orthodox economists to his point of view. This conversion was indeed for the most part delayed until J. M. Keynes, in the course of the great depression of the 1930s, at last arrived at a view very similar to Hobson's, but so phrased as to be more acceptable to professional economists as well as more complete in itself. Keynes did not then realise how close his view was to Hobson's; but he came to appreciate this later, and when Hobson died in 1940, Keynes wrote me a letter in which he very clearly expressed his sense of the injustice meted out to Hobson, and invited me to stress this in a biographical notice of him which I wrote for the *Economic Journal,* then under Keynes's editorship.

Hobson, in effect, anticipated Keynes by more than forty years in stating the essentials of the doctrine of full employment, though he was less explicit than Keynes in pointing out the importance of the distinction between real savings (or investment) and attempted savings, which, if they fail to issue in real investment, are simply, in Keynes's phrasing, 'spilt on the ground'. Hobson's stress was always laid chiefly on the need for a less unequal distribution of the product as a necessary measure of maintaining consumers' demand, whereas Keynes stressed rather the need to maintain investment and the inevitability of slump if it were not kept at a sufficiently high level. Basically, however, their doctrines were the same; and both struck a devastating blow at the complacency of the orthodox economists, who continued, in face of all the evidence, to believe in the tendency of the capitalist system towards an equilibrium in which all the available resources of production tended to be fully used in the absence of special disturbing factors. Even now, when the Keynesian New Economics have become the current orthodoxy of the subject, it is not generally recognised how far Hobson anticipated Keynes.

Hobson's first major work was his *Evolution of Modern Capitalism,* first published in 1894, and revised and extended in several later editions. It is still, after more than sixty years, the main textbook on the subject, but is perhaps best known nowadays for the great influence it exercised on theories of economic imperialism and the growth of capitalism from an industrial to a predominantly financial stage. It was followed, eight years later, by Hobson's *Imperialism,* which was the direct progenitor and inspirer of Lenin's work on *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism.* Hobson, before his *Imperialism* appeared, had already published in 1900 *The War in South Africa, its Cause and Effects;* and he had before his eyes the recent experience of the partition of the African continent among the great powers. This, together with his knowledge of the part which economic rivalries were playing in relations between the great powers, led him to regard economic factors as the predominant ones in the causation of inter-power rivalries, and to assign to them an almost exclusive predominance among the causes of war. He was, of course, what was called in those days a 'pro-Boer', and took a strong stand against the imperialist policies of his own, as well as of other countries; but it was left to Lenin to dot the I's of his exposition and to work out a theory of imperialism as the necessary grave-digger of capitalist civilisation. Today, I think, most of us are disposed to regard this view as unduly simple, though it undoubtedly contains a large element of truth.

Mr. K.
Sir, Do you or do you not want a Summit meeting – and I won't take 'yes' for an answer.
Mr. K.
Moscow
VICKY

The broad humanism that pervaded all Hobson's work, and presented the whole range of studies as having for sole aim and purpose the promotion of the good life, was seen at its best and most comprehensive in three books, *Work and Wealth* (1914), *Free Thought in the Social Sciences* (1926) and *Wealth and Life* (1929), in all of which he challenged the purely descriptive and analytical conceptions of Economics. No one could be in Hobson's company even for a few minutes without becoming aware of his quintessential humanism and of what I can only call his benevolence. Acutely conscious of the world's ills and sympathetic with every kind of suffering, he was nevertheless an optimist in the great nineteenth-century tradition, and regarded the problems of human evil as for the most part solvable and on the way to being solved.

Politically, he was associated in his earlier years not with Socialism but with an advanced Radicalism which led him in course of time into the Socialist ranks. In becoming a Socialist, however, he changed but little; he retained throughout his high valuation of individual personality and was as little inclined to bow down at the shrine of Karl Marx as of any other giant. Hobson was indeed a most unassuming person. He was just in all his dealings, and not at all inclined to lose his head in moments of excitement. He was a convinced and practical democrat, well content to apply his democratic principles in his daily life. That life was externally a quiet one, of patient industry and careful exposition of his beliefs, unaffected by the reception his ideas met with and utterly determined to pursue truth to the very best of his ability, regardless of consequences for himself. He was among the half-dozen most upright men I have ever known and also, I think, among the half-dozen ablest and most congenial. For to me at any rate what is commonly known as the Keynesian was much more the Hobsonian revolution in economic and social thought.

In his last book, *Confessions of an Economic Heretic* (1935) Hobson looked back over his long life and was on the whole content. 'Looking back,' he wrote, 'I do not now regret this exclusion from orthodox economic circles. For the mixed life of lecturing, controversial politics and journalism to which I was driven, though in some ways damaging to orderly thinking, had compensations that were very valuable.' It had indeed; for it enabled him to stick to his own line of thought and to avoid getting himself shut up in any narrow specialism that might have been fatal to its development. He was absolutely right in seeing the imperative need to keep the social studies together as a unified study of the conditions of improving the quality of life.

G. D. H. COLE

OVER TO
John Arlott

A batsman in form is like a fresh-lit pipe of St. Bruno . . . each is set for a long innings and there's a special flavour to both the batting and the smoking. That's why I smoke St. Bruno. When I settle down to a pipe I want a slow-burning tobacco with a specially enjoyable flavour. And that's what you get with St. Bruno.

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A Letter to Maria

My first evening in Madrid I went for a walk in the Avenida José Antonio Primo de Rivera. In the simple old days they called it the Gran Via, the High Street. I was standing outside a night-club when a man walked across the pavement towards me, making extravagant gestures of recognition and delight and shouting what I thought was, 'Ello! Ello! Ello!' It might have been 'Olé! Olé! Olé!' He was a medium-sized man in a dark blue suit and his thin moustache made him very Spanish.

He came up and held my arm. 'You English?' he asked, in Spanish.

I replied in Spanish that I wasn't.

'But you speak English?' He said, still in Spanish.

I said I spoke English. So we talked Spanish.

'I have been looking for you for months', he said.

We went to one of those delightful high-ceilinged cafés where the waiters wear white aprons down to their ankles.

'What are you drinking?' the Spaniard asked.

'Manzanilla.' I knew no other Spanish wine.

He seemed delighted. 'You know what *I* am going to have?'

I couldn't guess.

'I am going to have a manzanilla too.'

'You have good taste', the Spaniard said, smacking his lips and shaking his head slowly from side to side. He stared at me with bright eyes. 'I want you to do me a favour.'

He took out a thick crumpled letter, dirty along the creases, and shook it near my nose. 'I want you to translate this for me.'

I promised to try.

The letter was in an American hand and it was more than a year old.

'My dear Maria', the letter began.

'My *dear* Maria!' the Spaniard mocked.

'You want me to go on?'

He nodded sorrowfully.

I continued, 'Getting your letter was like coming up for air after swimming for a long time under water'. In my Spanish this sounded terrible.

The Spaniard grew pale. 'Aha!' he shouted, tightening his lips. '*El nadador! El nadador!* A swimmer! A swimmer!'

'It's only a metaphor', I said.

'A swimmer! *Under* water!' He was full of scorn.

I continued translating: 'I floated on an ocean of dreams'.

The Spaniard banged on the low table and the waiter hurried up. 'More manzanilla', the Spaniard ordered. 'I suppose you want to know why I am asking you to translate this?'

I shrugged. 'Not really.'

'What do you mean?' He was a little angry. 'You are reading the letter, aren't you?'

'Well', I said, 'I am reading it, but at the same time I am not reading it'.

He smiled. 'You are respecting my privacy?'

I nodded.

'I am engaged to Maria.'

'She doesn't know you have her letter?'

'I don't think so. I stole it from her handbag about six months now. It used to worry me. So I stole it and since then I have been looking for someone discreet enough to translate it.'

I read a few more sentences in silence. 'Dearest Maria', the letter said, 'I remember and will eternally remember the weeks we spent together in Paris. Oh, my dearest heart, I pray for you to come back. Here in Paris I am now working at Unesco, and the pay is good, and oh! Maria, the things we could do together'.

I remained silent after reading that.

The Spaniard was getting impatient.

I said: 'This is a hard letter to translate. It is full of technical terms. All about swimming.'

But he took me seriously. 'Just swimming?' he asked, half in hope, half in pain.

'Just swimming', I said. 'He is a man who takes his swimming seriously'.

'Like all those Americans. Talk through their noses and never do anything just for sport.'

We drank some more manzanilla.

The Spaniard said, 'I can't tell you how worried I've been. If this letter was what I feared—' He looked down at his manzanilla. 'It would have ruined my whole life. We Spaniards are like that, you know. Honour. We like our women virtuous.'

'Your honour is safe', I said. 'You can destroy the letter.'

'I will.' He clapped his hands for the waiter.

'Don't go yet', the Spaniard said. 'You have done me a favour. Now I am going to do you a favour.'

We walked a little way down the High Street and turned off into a dark lane. We stopped in front of a building that looked like a hotel. The Spaniard gave some money to the doorman, who touched his cap and said, 'Ah, Señor Narvaez, we haven't seen you for a fortnight'.

'I was in Bilbao', the Spaniard said.

We went through a dingy hall and up a flight of dingier steps, where an old woman greeted us and took us into a brightly lit room. She clapped her hands and presently the room was full of under-clothed women. The Spaniard moved among them with assurance. He seemed to know them and they exchanged jokes with him. He turned to the old woman. 'The gentleman I have brought with me is a very kind and very clever oriental prince. Treat him like a king.'

I said: Señor Narvaez, I came to Spain without my Treasurer, but I think he will be joining me next week'.

'Don't worry', Señor Narvaez said, 'All this is on me'.

V. S. Naipaul

The Arts and Entertainment

Heroic Tragedy

I have long shared the popular prejudice which dismisses Dryden's *All For Love* as simply an inferior *Antony and Cleopatra.* I was only converted the other night when I saw the Dryden under the by no means ideal conditions of an open-air production by undergraduates. It was not – to be honest – the actual performance which converted me. The OUDS did well enough in the difficult circumstances. But the notion that undergraduates, however expertly trained, are at any point better than professional actors has always seemed to me a lunatic piece of inverted snobbery; it is really carrying our English love of amateurism too far. Further, the undergraduates were playing in the open air a piece whose particular merits depend on a confined setting.

Whether *All For Love*, since it is not written in rhymed couplets, strictly qualifies as a Heroic Play, we may leave to the pundits to argue. That it owes its form to the influence of Corneille and Racine, whose practice shaped the heroic play in Restoration England, is obvious enough. Instead of the long sprawl of the Shakespearean history, we have a tight, firm construction which concentrates the action in time and place, so that the crisis comes at us with a different and more direct kind of intensity. I don't say that it is a better kind, it is simply another kind, and extremely effective. In his introduction to the World's Classics edition of *Five Restoration Tragedies* (Oxford 7s.) Professor Bonamy Dobrée calls it justly 'a proud and lovely masterpiece', and continues:

> the internal movement of his drama, the way the emotions of his characters, and our own emotions, are ordered and modulated; the dignity of the poetry which though full of sentiment is never sentimental, make of the play a sublime piece of organ music. . .

The language never achieves – it does not even aim at – the Shakespearean heights. But (perhaps because this was the one play Dryden wrote for his own pleasure, as he tells us) it is free from mere artificialities and it has its own beauty:

Alexas: Your Emperor,
Tho grown unkind, would be more gentle than
To upbraid my Queen for loving him too well.

Ventidius: Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest?
He knows him not his executioner.
O, she has decked his ruin with her Love
And made perdition pleasing. . . .

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A brief summary will demonstrate how close-knit the action is. Two men – typifying the opposites in his nature – contend for Antony's soul. His lieutenant, Ventidius, an antique Roman of the old pattern, and Alexas, the Queen's eunuch. The play starts after the disaster of Actium, which has left Antony out of love with life, and conducts us up to the death scene through three reversals, each probable, each carried through with fire and truth, each enduring for a single act. Act I: Ventidius arrives with twelve legions who will serve Antony only if he will leave the Queen. He is at length persuaded. Act II: The Queen, by her eunuch's advice, waylays him to say farewell and shows him an offer from Octavius for a separate peace, which she has refused, and this touches him so – as it is meant to – that he cannot leave her. Act III: Ventidius brings in Antony's sworn friend Dollabella, and his wife Octavia with her children, and Antony is swayed again. Act IV: Antony sends Dollabella to carry his farewell to the Queen, and the eunuch Alexas uses this to touch off the springs of jealousy in Antony. Betrayed, as he thinks, by both Mistress and Friend, it only needs the treachery of the Egyptian fleet to make him decide to die in Act V, and for his queen to follow him.

Such a summary can give no idea of the vigour and drama with which Dryden conducts the action scene by scene. But perhaps I can give some indication of it by a quotation from the brilliant scene in Act III that brings Cleopatra and Octavia face to face:

OCTAVIA: I need not ask if you are Cleopatra,
Your haughty carriage –
CLEOPATRA: Shows I am a Queen:
Nor need I ask who you are.
OCTAVIA: A Roman:
A name that makes and can unmake a Queen.
CLEOPATRA: Your Lord, the man who serves me, is a Roman.
OCTAVIA: He was a Roman, till he lost that name
To be a slave in Egypt; but I come
To free him thence.
CLEOPATRA: Peace, peace, my lover's Juno.
When he grew weary of that Household-Clog,
He chose my easier bonds.
OCTAVIA: I wonder not
Your bonds are easier; you have long been practis'd
In that lascivious art. . .

And so on, in a scene which perfectly combines dignity and bitchiness. We can imagine what two experienced actresses would do with it! And indeed all the parts, like the action, are highly dramatic. They are naturally different from Shakespeare's and we have to learn to accept the difference. Most notably Cleopatra herself is not the changeable many-mooded gypsy of the earlier play. In heroic tragedy she could not be. She must be the pattern of constancy for whom it is better to die than to be doubted. But she is far from being, as my quotation shows, a mere pasteboard heroic. And though Dryden cannot, in a heroic play, which must call first and foremost on our admiration, afford to let Antony be as ruffianly as Shakespeare does, he does not merely put him through the hoop of heroic attitudes, he makes him live.

But the comparison with Shakespeare is only misleading. Nor is it wholly that, I think, which puts us off. The time has not yet come round (as it surely will) when the heroic play is acceptable to us, either for its form or its content. Ours has plainly been a romantic age which has valued (overvalued, perhaps) originality. 'What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed' – Pope's line has had little force for most people recently. Then, again, our experience of bad great men in the last two decades has made us chary of giving our admiration to any great men at all (even though in the same period we were saved by one.) In such a period heroic tragedy finds it hard to make its way. But if we only had that promised National Theatre, *All For Love* would be constant in its repertoire, and would, as we became familiar with it, endear itself to us.

T. C. WORSLEY

Round London

THE Central School of Art Mural Painting Department, which is the largest and best equipped in the country, is the latest victim of the Ministry of Education's 'rationalisation' programme. (The rationalisations don't succeed in disguising the sound of the axe.) This Department has now had its right to enter students for the Ministry's examination taken away from it. In itself the examination isn't worth much, but since most scholarships and grants are conditional upon the student taking this exam, the result of this decision is that the Central Mural Painting School will lose most of its students. The official justification for this step is that the Central School as a whole has so many examination 'rights', that this particular one should be given to one of its lesser brethren—Hammersmith. Apart from encouraging jealousy and a constant, trivial but cut-throat jockeying for position between schools, such a policy is fundamentally double-faced. It is the outcome of bureaucracy and cheese-paring combined. Its slogan might be: Fair Cuts for All. Egalitarianism can be the aim of an expanding economy, but when it is offered as an excuse for a diminishing one, it becomes entirely hypocritical. Protests could perhaps reverse this decision.

In the past I have severely criticised exhibitions by Henry Moore and I still stand by these criticisms. Yet both critic and reader should always allow for the fact that the artist continues: that *his* perspective is his whole life's work. Moore has now produced a bronze which suggests that he has emerged from a difficult period and which re-establishes his obstinate power as an artist. The *Falling Warrior* (in an exceptionally good mixed show at the Marlborough Galleries) is not entirely successful, but it is impressive, well-wrought and tragically moving. The man, naked except for a round shield in his hand, falls like—like a man falling who will not stand up again. It is, in all senses of the word, the most vulnerable sculpture Moore has made; intentionally vulnerable in that the figure has been modelled sinuously and realistically—these are not legs that will endure like bones or hills, and the swellings across the torso are physical not aesthetic distortions, the result of injury; also vulnerable because, as a work of art, it is overtly and directly emotional. No one else will be so brash as to say it, but this, I am sure, is Moore's protest against Nuclear War. It is not entirely successful because the man's head—like Moore's earlier, highly formalised heads of stones with holes right through them—is inconsistent with the rest of the figure. It is not difficult to understand Moore's dilemma here. He wanted the man to be anonymous and he was acutely aware

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of the danger of sentimentality. Yet what he has done is not a solution of this problem, but an evasion of it. If Moore were a classical artist like Archipenko (who has a *Seated Nude* of marvellous beauty in the same exhibition), he could have achieved anonymity by generalising all the forms—although he would also have had to change the pose of the moment when the figure, still falling, first touches the ground and begins to roll. As it is, the only way to preserve the anonymity of this work would have been to search in a particular head for the typical—as Rodin did, or indeed as Moore himself has done in the rest of the body. However, this is an important and impressive work. As a practical suggestion, I wonder whether Moore's studies for it might not be exhibited under the auspices of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament?

At the Whitechapel Gallery there is a retrospective show of the paintings of Alan Davie. Davie is a young Action Painter with leanings towards Zen Buddhism; he gives his canvases such titles as *The Blue One Hides*, *Destroy This One*, *Fish Fascinator*, *Imp of Clubs*. The visual images are incomprehensible, but beneath the mumbo-jumbo he is a painter with a good eye and hand: his shapes and compositions are often tense and strong. Since the Director of the Gallery admits that Davie is involved in a relentless private pursuit of a set of truths which may only have meaning for himself, and since the painter himself writes, 'I feel very close to the alchemists of old', there is no need to emphasise the irrationalism and exclusive privacy of these paintings. But, apart from the fact that it is a minor tragedy that the Whitechapel Gallery with its once popular tradition has now become a temple of esoteric religion, the worst feature of the exhibition is its pretentiousness. If Davie really believes in the Zen principle that painting is only a means to his own enlightenment, why doesn't he also believe in the famous Zen humour as a counter to taking oneself too seriously?

JOHN BERGER

Art for Whose Sake?

THE confusion of values and lack of direction in which British television is floundering – fundamentally because of the pressure of the ratings – is illustrated by two news items published on Tuesday: one was a report of the special survey of children's TV prepared by the Council for Children's Welfare; the other was the news that the four original ITV programme companies are to give £100,000 a year to the arts.

The 700 people who completed the Council's questionnaire, after watching children's TV 'closely and continuously for at least three weeks' (heavens!), were neither a random nor a scientifically balanced sample: since they were volunteers who 'cared enough', they must be people of above-average social concern, and their reactions cannot be taken as typical. This makes them both more and less valuable than the reactions of a completely representative cross-section: more, obviously; but less also, since it would be interesting to know the extent to which average parents, caring just as much for their children's welfare as the Council's panellists, share their views and anxieties about the effects of TV on their children's minds and conduct.

Analysis of the 700 questionnaires shows, broadly, the response that one would have expected. Eighty-four per cent. agreed on one main beneficial effect – the increase of children's general knowledge and the widening of their horizons (and most of these added comments which showed that they meant coherent knowledge, not mere quiz-slickness); 31 per cent. praised TV because it relaxes and entertains children ('a sort of disciplinary assistant'); as many as 24 per cent. reported that TV had stimulated their children's interest in good books – the least typical reaction, I fear, since these children would mostly be in households already well-equipped with books, and to many of the vast non-book-buying public the simple act of buying a book seems a perilous and mysterious exercise. The main adverse comment – 92 per cent. – is on the familiar topic of violence: several observed acutely that, even when good triumphs over evil in the end – a usual defence of this type of programme – it almost always does so only by the use of violent means. Other harmful effects noted are the difficulty of getting children to bed, want of discrimination in viewing (unless there is firm guidance), rushing of homework, and (to offset the 24 per cent. already cited) 'less time for reading' reported by 17 per cent.

Despite apparent contradictions such as this, and the necessarily inconclusive character of some findings, this is a useful report. I hope that it will be read by the ITV chiefs, who seem to suffer from sporadic twinges of conscience. One such may have provoked the annuity to the arts. This will presumably last for at least seven years: it should provide a valuable diversionary argument for commercial television when its future has to be decided by Parliament, and may ensure a few knighthoods for ITV chiefs.

It would, however, be churlish to probe too deeply into the motives behind such a gift: it is welcome for its own sake. (I hope that the beneficiaries will include Theatre Workshop, now involved in one of its obscure rows with the Arts Council). But a satirist might note that the announcement coincides with the summer schedule that plunges TV into the most inartistic period of its year; and it is indeed a grotesque society that starves the arts officially and then capriciously throws them tit-bits as by-products of an elaborate commercial process which steadily corrupts the taste and judgment of the people and hypnotises them into spending more than they can afford on such amenities as 'an *exciting* new deodorant'.

In any case, it is unlikely that (as Mr Norman Collins hopes) 'because of these donations' the public will grow 'discerning in its tastes'. Except indirectly, why should these gifts have any effect at all on public taste? If these benefactors are altruistically concerned to educate public taste, the proper and direct way to do so is to broadcast more programmes related to the arts. ITV has broadcast some good plays and ballet, and there are Sir Kenneth Clark's programmes; but, on the whole, the BBC has shown more interest in the visual arts. The latest example is the series on *British Art and Artists,* which began on Sunday night with a programme on Henry Moore, *A Sculptor's Landscape,* so imaginatively interpretative that I soon ceased to regret having switched to it half-way through an entertaining comedy with Neil McCallum, excellent and moving as a French schoolmaster who has to fly by his own power, on the other channel. The Moore programme was admirably produced by John Read: the Humphrey Searle music, the big white Hertfordshire farmhouse and the modern studio, the smoke of a bonfire and the sound of a distant train, the close-ups of 'finger-like pimentos', of human contours in bronze or stone echoing the undulations of the landscape – all these added up to something that was not only a work of art in itself but also bound, surely, to persuade some viewers to be 'open to new ways of seeing'. Unfortunately, I watched with a Philistine lady who sees in the old way: when Sir Ralph Richardson, who read the commentary just a shade too solemnly, said that a reclining nude might 'penetrate to our deepest feelings', she remarked that Moore had 'penetrated right through her innards'.

TOM DRIBERG

Dostoevsky?

EVERY now and then Hollywood works itself up to a classic; a great deal of time and money is expended; the ballyhoo can be heard oceans and months away; 'the passions, the lusts, the torment and glory of . . .' are at last unleashed on us, and prove to be sad bores—*our* suffering is the price exacted because someone has read a masterpiece and whispered to himself 'big film'.

Of course, as you'll have gathered from the newspapers, this concerns *The Brothers Karamazov.* So many Dostoevsky novels have made good films (including *The Eternal Husband*) that one may have come to believe that the infallible story-teller in Dostoevsky will always come through. If so, an afternoon or an evening at the Empire (be prepared for two and a half hours) will be disillusioning. We may not have foreseen, for example, any more than could Dostoevsky, that his hero would be scrupulously bald. Now the baldness of Mr Yul Brynner may be a great enhancement in semi-Eastern musicals and in

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parts involving no preconceived notion, but I can't see that his appearance as Dmitri (or, say, Archbishop Makarios's as Hamlet) can do other than distract. True, as the film goes on we may reflect that distraction is badly needed. The tale and the characters not being, presumably, exciting in themselves, all kinds of devices are employed to sidetrack the attention. For example, lighting. The film is in Metrocolor, and never for one moment do we meet what is recognisably daylight. Most of the scenes, indoors and out – and sometimes it's a question which is which – seem to be at night; the colours employed are orange, mauve, strontium red, salmon, midnight blue, purple, and ghost green. The spotlights providing these seem to have been massed for every scene; so that, in the insulted captain's hovel, the poor man's face is at one moment the shade of orange peel, and the next, as he steps back, like Gorgonzola. These atmospheric effects, peculiar to Old Russia, make us tend to forget what it's all about, who the characters are, whose orgy is leading where. I don't think I've ever seen lighting quite so disgustingly used; it resembles the music. By the way, the orgies – which at least one might have hoped to find eagerly taken up – are disappointing; the old man's aren't bad, but Dmitri's two flings are mere visits to a local, and he remains stone sober. And if the men get nowhere near the 'broad Karamazov character', the women are even farther from their angel-devil originals. Miss Claire Bloom obviously runs a Kensington tea-shop in which Miss Schell carries the trays. Only Richard Basehart (as Ivan) seemed to me to come somewhere near the required thing. Most of the drama has been whittled away; we see the valet fake his fit, so that there's never any question whodunit; suspense doesn't gather towards the fatal night, and the night itself (violet, with red on icons) falls flat; in the end – not that we care – there's a happy ending in which Dmitri and Grushchenka escape together and the poor captain's boy doesn't die. Mr Richard Brooks, who adapted and directed, is reported to have said 'This *is* Dostoevsky'.

William Whitebait

The Royal Ballet Company, at Covent Garden

It is a serious matter for an elder sister, the darling, the pride of the family, when one day she discovers that her scorned baby sister has grown up, has got boy friends, smart clothes, *savoir faire* and even – unimagined presumption – looks like stealing some of the limelight. This is what appears to have happened in the interval since the little Royal Ballet Company was last seen in London. It is still not so adept at its tricks as the older company, but the roughness has worn off, while there remains the charm and spontaneity of a young, enthusiastic character. The big sister seems so stolid by comparison: a worthy girl, who knows how to create her effects, but one who will not necessarily give the best evening's entertainment. The main company always expresses a sense of anxiety, a secret anxiety created by ambition, the occupational disease of the theatre. So, when I see the pretty faces of the boys and girls drawn with a tension that is ill-masked by smiles, the smaller, apparently carefree company immediately seems more attractive. Though it has not yet enough stamina or self-control to manage a classic like *Le Lac des Cygnes* with mastery, ballets such as *Pineapple Poll, The Burrow* and even *Les Sylphides* give very comfortable pleasure. Susan Alexander is one of the best dancers; a poetic Sylphide, who moves in the moonlight with mothlike softness. Both she and Lynn Seymour have a warm femininity that is a rare asset in English dancers, while Johaar Mosaval still stands out as an artist of finer and more mature perception than any other produced by the Royal Ballet since the war.

A. F.

Correspondence

THE TWO ARCHBISHOPS

SIR, – The capitulation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in a recent TV interview, to popular clamour, and particularly Tory protests, over Makarios – 'I know he is a bad character' – raises issues far more important than the impropriety of his remarks.

As a Christian thinker and a member of the Church of England, I fail to see any fundamental difference between the 'blessing' which Makarios is presumed to have given to the Greek underground Eoka and the blessing which Anglican and other British clergy give to our Forces when they proceed to the destruction of the soldiers and populations of other countries in time of war. When the British Government started pouring troops into Cyprus in the first instance, and Harding introduced all the techniques of mass detentions, curfews, collective fines and executions for carrying arms, under the inhuman Emergency Regulations, Mr Stephanopoulos, then Greek Foreign Minister, declared at the United Nations: 'This means war on the Greek people'.

In the event, the prediction has proved only too true. The astonishing thing is that, while we have heard frequent denunciations of soldiers being 'shot in the back', there have been no protests, even from British clergymen, about the number of Greek Cypriots shot dead under the pretext of not having answered challenges by 'trigger-happy' troops. At some of the inquests on the victims of these incidents, it has been apparent that the Coroner was far from satisfied as to the necessity of the shooting.

If Makarios is 'a bad character', are those of us who think logically and on Christian lines to assume that Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, who hanged several Greek Christian boys who had committed *no* murder – Andreas Demetriou and Evagoras Pallikarides were two of them – is inferentially a saint? The Greek representative at the United Nations quoted the boy, Pallikarides, before his execution, as saying: 'I regret that I have only my 18 years to offer my country'. It should be added that Pallikarides was found in possession of an old weapon that couldn't even be fired.

The executions were carried out in defiance of world protests, including one from the World Council of Churches. And to those British people who feel incensed against Makarios, it may be of interest to them to know that in all cases these Greek boys, whose only crime was clearly that of agitating, perhaps in a wrong way, for freedom from colonial rule, were not even permitted to embrace their loved one before being hurled into Eternity. They had to say 'Good-bye' through a wire mesh.

The 'holier than thou' attitude of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the Tories who frown on Makarios with the same disapproval, would seem to be put in its proper perspective by the words of Sir Winston Churchill in the first volume of his *History of the English-speaking Peoples*: 'It is the primary right of men to die and kill for the land they live in, and to punish with exceptional severity all members of their own race who have warmed their hands at the invader's hearth.'

Thomas Anthem

18 Thomas Lane
Liverpool 14

THE NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

SIR, – Mr Wollheim should be more attentive to the exact use of language. I have no means of knowing what 'beliefs' Mr Strachey holds; and I do not care to speculate on the subject. I can judge only from the text. I wrote: 'Apparently it does not worry him (Mr Strachey) that we are planning to destroy millions of other people'. 'Apparently' means: 'It does not appear from the pamphlet that it worries Mr Strachey. . . .' I will repeat my statement in another form, in the hope that others, though not apparently Mr Wollheim, may understand it. There

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is in Mr Strachey's pamphlet no word of abhorrence or regret that we, the people of this country, have acquiesced in the manufacture of weapons which are designed to destroy innocent millions. On the contrary we are repeatedly told that Britain would be 'helpless' without these weapons. I wish I knew what 'help' they were to us.

A. J. P. Taylor

Oxford

Sir,—Mr Heron's comments on the Nuclear Campaign seem to have landed smack on target. Probably the greatest drawback of the Campaign from the beginning has been its aim of removing nuclear 'protection' without substituting something in its place. The failure of the Campaign may not be so much that 'they have not made [their] alternative clear or precise enough'. Its failure, like that of most other disarmament movements before, may be simply that it has put forth no positive alternative at all. To renounce all nuclear weapons, however morally praiseworthy a gesture, is for most people a purely negative act at best—and, at worst, one which could serve to leave them invitingly open to Soviet domination. It does little good repeating endlessly (to the converted) that the Bomb is no defence. What does the Campaign propose as a *substitute* for the Bomb as a defence?

It may be that the Campaign has not looked everywhere it could for the right answers. They seem to have focused so intently on banning the Bomb by frontal assault that they have ignored all possibilities on the flanks. Rather than concentrating so exclusively and myopically on the obvious objective, why don't they take a look at the conditions which give the Bomb its justification in the first place?

There might be some unexplored opportunities, for example, in Disengagement. Ever since the UNEF experiment in Suez, people have come more and more to see the driving necessity for building up a United Nations police force. . . . Contemporary events in the Lebanon have shown the consistent development of that trend.

Is it so unreasonable to believe that an enlarged UNEF similar in composition to the one in Suez, could be put for a prolonged period into a disengaged Central Europe? Aside from its more obvious advantages such as supervising disarmament agreements and preventing 'limited' aggression, etc. . . . it might hold forth one outstanding long-range benefit which by itself would more than pay for its keep. It is not impossible to conceive that it might well, by forming a moral and physical barrier to any possible Soviet aggression, help reduce western European *dependence* on nuclear defence.

One thing must be kept in mind. There must be a defence. A UN force may not have as much emotional punch as No to Nuclear Suicide!, but it could provide physical security as well. 'The essence of the Campaign,' says Mr Taylor, 'is that a moral challenge can be stronger than nuclear weapons.' But stronger than bayonets and machine-guns, too? Moral appeals are simply not enough, Sir. If we were living in Hungary today our reply would be even more emphatic.

W. A. Starr

103 Priory Road
NW6

Sir,—After our Women against the Bomb meeting at Church House last week, a woman came up to me and put her wrist-watch into my hand. When I protested, she said 'I've got another' and turned quickly away. We had already collected over £670 from an audience which was certainly not a rich one.

As I looked at the watch lying in my palm, I was swept by a dreadful sense of inadequacy. How could we possibly use this gift in a way worthy of the spirit of pure love in which it was given? I longed to believe we lived in a world where one such act might overthrow the forces of evil.

On reflection, I gave the watch to Mrs Edita Morris who will hand it on to the Hiroshima widow whose letters describing the death of her husband from radiation leukæmia were so movingly read to the meeting by Jill Balcon. News of how the present came to be made will certainly reach not only the penniless widow herself, but also all those 'survivors' of the bomb who use Mrs Morris's rest centre and who are now so many of them sickening as a result of their exposure thirteen years ago. If through this letter the donor comes to hear of the destination of her watch, I hope she will be pleased.

Jacquetta Hawkes

Brook Hill
Isle of Wight

THE POLITICS OF DE GAULLE

Sir,—If Critic's Paris friend found André Malraux's press conference terrifying, I must say that he terrifies very easily. I myself left this conference at the end encouraged by Malraux's liberal affirmations. Not only did he declare that it was not de Gaulle's purpose to suppress the political parties, but he also announced that since the General had come to power there had not been a single case of torture and invited three Nobel prizewinners to act as a committee of verification. How can it even be suggested that Malraux, who personally protested against the torture alleged to have taken place under previous administrations, in any way condones the abuses of the past? How can it be charged that Malraux, who proposed that Mauriac, hated as he is by the colons and colonels, should go to Algeria, is a man who 'mouths the romantic phrases which have throughout been used to cloak a crooked right-wing military coup with strong racist and Fascist overtones'? When I spoke to Malraux after the conference, he said to me that France today is confronting a '*fascisme informe*'. In his press conference he courageously took up the challenge of that 'shapeless reaction'. I hope that the subsequent decision of the government to appoint a different spokesman does not indicate more than a minor victory for the Algerian strong-arm men who seem to have been even more terrified by Malraux than was your Paris friend.

As far as the British Left is concerned, however, I hope it will not go on lacerating those liberals in France who are today working with de Gaulle in the knowledge that what would follow his collapse would be first the chaos of civil war, then a tyrrany of Fascists or Communists—or even an amalgamated tyranny of both under some less familiar name.

Maurice Edelman

House of Commons
SW1

DEMOCRACY IN IRELAND

Sir,—It is not easy to understand what considerations can have led Critic, in your issue of 14 June, to the conclusion that Ireland in some essentials resembles Portugal. As your contributor should surely be aware, Ireland is a parliamentary democracy with completely free elections and a strongly established tradition of adherence to democratic principles. If we in Ireland were anxious to make invidious comparisons, we could, in fact, suggest that our system of election, based on proportional representation, is decidedly more democratic than that obtaining in Great Britain.

Nor is Critic more accurate in his statement that Mr de Valera has said 'that the revival of the Irish language is more important than social betterment'. Mr de Valera, of course, has never made any such statement. It would indeed be surprising if he did so, in view of the well-known fact that every advance in health and social legislation made since 1922 has been put through by governments of which he was the head.

Even more surprising is Critic's charge that the Irish government is 'indifferent to the abysmal poverty of the peasants'. No one in Ireland is unaware of the difficulties that face the farming community. A particularly intractable problem is that of the congested districts of the West, where families must live on tiny holdings with the soil so poor that normal methods of husbandry become impossible. A similar problem exists in many areas of the Scottish Highlands and the Hebrides. Yet in the past thirty years a great deal has been done to improve conditions—with regard to rural housing in particular, a revolution has taken place. Without being at all complacent about the progress so far made, one can at least say that the 'abysmal poverty' which undoubtedly did exist all over rural Ireland during the nineteenth century has been eliminated under successive Irish governments.

A recent FAO Report showed that food consumption in Ireland is higher than in any other country in the world. The average daily intake for the United Kingdom, for example, in 1951 was 3,080 calories. The figure for Ireland as a whole, both town and country, was 3,480; the Irish 'peasant' (sunk in 'abysmal poverty'!) consumes over 3,800 calories per day.

Finally, Critic suggests that the Irish government is clerically dominated, that it 'fosters faith at the price of ignorance and censorship'. The Proclamation of the Republic in 1916 guaranteed religious and civil liberty to all its citizens, 'cherishing all the children of the nation equally'. The Constitution of Ireland contains similar guarantees. It would be well, perhaps, that as an Irish Protestant I should state that by successive Irish governments these assurances have been most faithfully carried out.

M. B. Yeats

9 Oakdown Road
Churchtown, Dublin

[Critic deals with this letter in his London Diary. —Ed., *NS*.]

LEARNING TO LIVE

Sir,—As an interested observer of the pusillanimous antics of the Labour Party which I once used to support, I am bound to agree with Mr Goodman's letter on Labour's attitude to the public schools. It is a weak compromise with their principles, or what used to be their principles when they had any. The public schools are an institution unique in the western world as a means of preserving class distinction. They have their defenders, on that account and on others, but any real attempt to alter the social pattern in England must either get rid of them or change them radically. A professedly Socialist policy that proposes to keep them unchanged can only arouse contempt.

It is also bad tactics. Maybe the mass of Labour supporters have no views on the matter, though I doubt it. For the middle-class voter of some education and intelligence it is always a major consideration to do the best he can for his children. As long as there is a privately financed system of education that offers greater advantages he will always try to avail himself of it if he can, at whatever cost. But he would be very glad not to have to. He could be properly impressed by an educational programme that offered what has long ago been achieved by every other civilised country in Europe—equal and adequate educational opportunities at all levels, without either the opportunity or the need for contracting out. The mere existence of a superior educational system outside the national one is a perpetual source of social and economic strain, as Europeans and Americans immediately observe when they come to England. By proposing to continue educational privilege while depriving as many people as possible of the means to pay for it the Labour Party contrives to sacrifice its principles while attacking the interests of its potential middle-class supporters. The 1944 Education Act was a Conservative achievement; the mitigation of the means test for university grants looks like being one too. There will remain to the Labour Party the glory of messing up the grammar schools, the oldest and best of English educational institutions; and of continuing the nineteenth-century public school system for the very few who can afford to pay for it.

But this is no surprise. Labour leaders have to have somewhere to send their sons. Surely Mr Goodman cannot expect them to go to secondary modern schools? The chummy New Statesman humbug of referring to all the old pals of the Labour Party by their Christian names does not really deceive anyone.

Graham Hough

The White Cottage
Grantchester
Cambridge

July

Like so many other things in this modern world, tennis isn't what it was and it would seem unlikely, therefore, that Bluff King Hal would approve of Wimbledon. It may, perhaps, console this much-married monarch to know that nowadays we call *his* game 'Royal Tennis' and some of us still play it. But, from the game which, literally, was the sport of kings in the 16th and 17th centuries, we have evolved our own version and Tennis has (in the current idiom) been democratised. Now, that is a Good Thing; and the same process can be seen at work in other directions. Banking—although never exactly a sport of kings—was certainly at one time a privilege of wealth. It is quite otherwise today, when thousands of people of all occupations and all walks of life regard it as normal and unexceptional that they should possess accounts at the Midland Bank. And that is a Very Good Thing Indeed.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Myths of 1931

I HAVE always admired the prudence of the eminent historian who made his reputation by describing exactly how politicians behaved in the reign of George III. Unlike those who try to analyse contemporary politics, he can be sure that no one will write to *The Times* and say, 'Professor N . . . is talking nonsense. I was there and saw for myself'. Certainty always increases with distance, and the farther we are from a political crisis the sharper its contours appear. Thanks to their physical remoteness from Russian Communism – and the absence of lobby correspondents in the Kremlin – Mr Isaac Deutscher and Mr Edward Crankshaw can describe Khrushchev's rise to power with far greater precision than I would dare to employ in describing the Bevanite revolt. So, too – now that Gladstone and Disraeli are just fading out of living memory and becoming 'dead' politics – it is possible for the first time to treat them as a proper subject of academic investigation.

That is fair enough, provided that the academics admit one thing. The knowledge of the past which the historian acquires from disinterring and dissecting dead facts is not necessarily more objective than the contemporary observer's report on the behaviour of the living organism. It is because Mr Bassett refuses to make this admission that his *1931 Political Crisis** is such a silly book. Self-consciously remote from contemporary politics in an institution almost equidistant from Fleet Street and Westminster, he has toiled over the historical sources and produced a mountain of a mouse. And the main reason for his failure is his perverse decision to investigate the events which led up to the formation of the National Government without reference to living witnesses.

> In the preparation of this book [he observes in his Introduction] the author has deliberately refrained from personal discussion with persons who played a part in the crisis. Experience suggests that memories are usually unreliable after such an interval of time. There is a danger too, that undue weight may be given to the recollections of those who may be willing to indulge in them.

Mr Bassett carries his preference for dead print, as against the living witness, to extravagant lengths. Very properly, in order to discover what happened round the table at No. 10, he has collated all the published memoirs, including the autobiographies of Lord Snowden, Lord Attlee, Mr Shinwell and Dr Dalton and the diaries of Mrs Webb. Not unnaturally, he exposes many contradictions in these written sources, but he has sternly refused the temptation to check them by a talk either with those authors who are still alive or with such members of the Government as Herbert Morrison and A. V. Alexander, who have not yet published their reminiscences.

How curiously, for example, he treats Dr Dalton, on whose memoirs he repeatedly relies! Mr Bassett must know that what an ex-member of a Government publishes in his autobiography and what he leaves unpublished depends very largely on four factors – the Official Secrets Act, the law of libel, party loyalty and personal friendship. What sense can there be in refusing to hear – in addition to the expurgated version 'on the record' – the infinitely livelier, fuller (and therefore more truthful) account which Dr Dalton, I am sure, would have given Mr Bassett 'off the record'? By denying himself the pleasure of Dr Dalton's company, Mr Bassett is priggishly averting his eyes from the unpublished (and unpublishable) facts, without which any British crisis remains completely unintelligible.

His defence is to be found in his polemical appendices. Here he demonstrates that no one has yet succeeded in writing about this crisis without violent partisanship, and he exposes at inordinate length many trivial distortions of fact committed not only by members of the Labour Government but by outside observers, including Mr Leonard Woolf, Professor Harold Laski, Lord Passfield, Mr Graeme Moodie, Lord Samuel and, in particular, Sir Ivor Jennings, in his *Cabinet Government*, and Mr R. T. McKenzie, in his *British Political Parties*. What he omits to mention is that he himself is hardly a disinterested investigator. In 1931 he was a Socialist student at Oxford, who shared with Mr Gaitskell a profound friendship and admiration for Evan Durbin. When the Labour Government fell, Mr Gaitskell and Mr Durbin stayed with the Party, but Mr Bassett became a MacDonaldite – and has detested the Party ever since.

Of course, there is no harm in that! Since Lord Elton abandoned his official *Life of Ramsay MacDonald* after publishing only the first volume, no one has attempted a MacDonaldite interpretation of the 1931 crisis; and any reader who realises that this is what Mr Bassett has produced can read him with profit. For the 1931 crisis remains to this day the kind of live political issue about which no one except a political eunuch can write dispassionately. It was one of those Parliamentary convulsions which permanently change the pattern of party loyalties and therefore produce the most terrible breaches of personal relations. Not only the members of the Labour Government and the Parliamentary Labour Party, but everyone who took any active interest in politics, was compelled, during the autumn of 1931, to change his loyalties – usually for life. In a matter of days, lifelong Conservatives, who for years had regarded Ramsay MacDonald as a pacifist and almost as a traitor, had to convince themselves that his courage had saved Britain from utter disaster, while Socialists who had been lifelong idolators were faced with the choice either of breaking with their own party or convincing themselves that the adored leader had utterly betrayed his party, his class and his cause. No wonder that when so much was at stake, each man's memory began to improve the facts! No wonder there soon grew up two myths – a Labour myth which made MacDonald and the bankers the joint villains of the piece and a National myth which portrayed all the Government – with the exception of Ramsay, Jimmy Thomas and Snowden – as cowards, who ran away from their responsibilities.

Can we ever discover the truth behind these rival myths? Mr Bassett's main contribution has been to clear up the chronology. But he has also demolished two of the alibis with which the Labour Ministers tried to prove their own innocence. Under careful investigation, the 'bankers' ramp' is seen to be a not unnatural refusal to lend money to a government impotent to carry out the economies *which almost all its members thought to be unavoidable.* With the doubtful exception of Oswald Mosley, no prominent Labour leader proposed any cure for the crisis, except the kind of economy cuts on which both Snowden and the American bankers insisted. Yet, as soon as they had resigned, they tried to win public confidence by denouncing the cuts. How fantastically they miscalculated the reaction of the voters, who realised they were faced not by a 'bankers' ramp' but by a bankrupt leadership!

The second feature of the Labour myth which Mr Bassett successfully demolishes is the charge that the formation of the National Government was a plot that MacDonald had been preparing for months. Unless some quite new evidence is produced, this must be dismissed as yet another of those conspiratorial explanations of a British political crisis which are always remote from the truth. Our politics are far less premeditated, far more muddled and far more personal than most outside observers can believe. Certainly MacDonald had lost confidence in his colleagues and for many months had been considering the possibility of deserting them. But it looks as though his decision to become Premier of a National Government was an unpremeditated reaction to a crisis into which the Cabinet, Whitehall and the City had all drifted without any plans for coping with it. The National Government was formed ostensibly to defend the Gold Standard, but at once drifted off it. Yet by this time confidence had been restored. The imposition of completely senseless economy cuts, which actually aggravated the unemployment crisis, had saved the situation, because it made the British public, as well as the American bankers, feel that things were now under control. Surely this is an example not of a successful plot, but of indecision and 'muddle through'.

Turning to the behaviour of MacDonald's Cabinet colleagues, I find it difficult to deny that this was stupid as well as discreditable. It was discreditable for certain of the Ministers, who had supported him up to the last moment, to attack him for imposing the economy cuts and then to justify their about-turn by bandying Cabinet secrets across the floor of the Commons. It was stupid – since MacDonald held all the aces up his sleeve – to 'call his bluff'. By denouncing the National Government and expelling MacDonald from the Party, these Labour leaders justified the immediate appeal to the country – from which Stanley Baldwin was certain to draw all the profit.

But does this bill of indictment against some of his colleagues justify MacDonald? In particular, does it acquit him of the charge of betraying the party he had been elected to lead? It is at this critical point that Mr Bassett's partisanship becomes painfully obvious. He fails altogether to consider the evidence that MacDonald had been successfully hooked by 'the aristocratic embrace' and that for many months he had lost all personal contact with the men and women who had once been his 'Socialist comrades'. Even worse, he tries to give an aura of respectability to MacDonald's action by suggesting that a party leader is perfectly entitled to do something which he believes in the national interest but which his party repudiates. The real test of statesmanship, he implies, is whether a leader will follow the example of Peel, Chamberlain and MacDonald and break his party in the national interest.

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* *1931 Political Crisis.* By R. BASSETT. *Macmillan.* 42s

I doubt whether many politicians of either party would accept this view. Loyalty is the cement which holds parties together, and if our representative institutions are to work, the elected leader must surely resign before he claims the freedom to renounce this loyalty. Indeed, the only case for betraying your party is the same as that for betraying your country. It is never justifiable, and it is only accepted when it succeeds. MacDonald's action must be judged on the record of the National Government which he inaugurated in 1931 and which was finally chased from office when Mr Churchill took over in 1940. By that test, it seems to me that it was a disaster not only for the Labour Party but for the nation as well.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

French Lesson

Rain drones on outside like a business-man's stories
And inside I sit at your right on the sofa.
Thinking vaguely of Yeats who 'believed in the fairies'
I wonder why poets are born to tell lies.
You speak, and the light quivers, lost, in your eyes.
I have death on my tongue, but no comment to offer.

I look down at my hands, striving hard to seem calm,
But read in their lines an appalling distress,
And turn to you, trembling with some vague alarm
Half-taken last night from unquietness of sleep.
I think of the tears I have wept and shall weep.
There's a child in my body: it longs to confess.

So I roll my mind out with vast care, like the painting
Of some idler who died, unremarked, in an attic,
Love, vision and hope in a rose-and-mauve blending
With a barbarous ochre to highlight depair,
And knowing when I fumble, three-quarters in tears,
My voice gains conviction, grows shyly dramatic.

A pose. One would say that. But horrible fears
Lie hidden beneath it, like rocks under sand.
My hands are two wide-eyed, two terrified deer.
Your eyes shine like mirrors. How, how shall I meet them?
'Je comprends, comprends tout' you keep telling my hands
Mais moi je ne comprends ni toi ni moi-même.

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The Reviving Prince

Machiavelli and the Renaissance. By Federico Chabod. *Bowes & Bowes.* 30*s.*

Professor Chabod is one of the most distinguished and best known of Italian scholars, and everything that he writes, whether on contemporary Europe or sixteenth-century Italy, is characterised by the same qualities: a vast, sometimes recondite knowledge, the result of wide reading and insatiable interest, sustained, animated, indeed whirled along by a powerful personality and a rich, even voluble, tumbling style. The reader of the essays – essays both old and new, but bound together by one general character – may sometimes be deterred by the arcane documentation and bibliographical virtuosity. He may sometimes feel overwhelmed by such a torrent of ideas and be left uncertain of his bearings. But when he has scrambled ashore, still tingling from the experience, he will sort himself out and perhaps wish, now that he knows where he is, for a second immersion in that rough refreshing stream.

I have taken a second immersion, and my chosen bathing ground is the long reach of water, from page 30 to page 148, described as '*The Prince:* Myth and Reality' – an essay first published in 1925. In fact all the essays are really concerned with Machiavelli, whether they openly say so or not: even the excellent essay on 'The Concept of the Renaissance' – a cascade of clear, good sense poured into the stale, circular pool now formed by the theorists of 'continuity', and 'discontinuity'. But this essay is undoubtedly the heart of the book, and I make no excuse for concentrating on it, for the others largely illustrate it. It contains the briefest and yet clearest, most eloquent, most persuasive interpretation of Machiavelli and his place in Italian thought that I know.

For what was the background, the immediate significance of *The Prince*? Statesmen and political thinkers ever since Machiavelli have been fascinated by his ideas, sometimes his incidental ideas. They have fought with them as instruments, fought against them as diabolic principles. That slim essay, thrown off in six months, has sustained a mountain of literature for over 400 years. Posterity has hailed Machiavelli as a man who looked forward, an innovator, a pioneer. But in fact, like all political theorists, he wrote for his times and for his place: he was inspired by the present circumstances of Renaissance Italy. What circumstances, we ask, inspired him to write so novel, so formidable, so immoral, or – as others have maintained – so 'divine' a book?

It is this question which Professor Chabod faces. In an essay of marvellous concentration and crowded, stimulating ideas he gives his answer. Italy, in 1500, was – in Machiavelli's eyes – weary and corrupt. All its old virtues had gone, rotted away with its old communes by the new *signori*, the petty princes who, like modern dictators, were called into being, or allowed to triumph, by a reluctant bourgeoisie, less afraid of them than of the classes beneath. Once established, what did these petty princes do? They had no ancient myth, no divine sanctions, no natural solidarity with the people over whom they ruled. Though they might centralise administration and build up estates, they could create no organic society: they merely ruled by cynical skill over a weary people, dead to political sense, represented – in their officials, ambassadors, merchants – by astute, impassive, discreet, cultivated, superficial men: men like Guicciardini or the authors of Venetian *relazioni*, men whose 'hard secretive profiles live again in Masaccio's frescoes', and whose impersonal style is so perfect that, in the words of Burckhardt, 'it produces an illusion of decorum and greatness, while the general impression is of a bottomless abyss'.

Out of this society, against this society, broke the 'powerful creative imagination' of Machiavelli. Machiavelli's personality fascinates Professor Chabod. 'Too often', he says, 'the Renaissance means the conversation of Bembo, the urbanity of Castiglione, the harmonious grace of Ariosto, and also the somewhat contemptuous perspicacity of Guicciardini. To this world Machiavelli opposes his own, which is hard, bitter, narrow, ignorant of literature and shunning discretion'. And Machiavelli, hating this society with a deep and bitter hatred, did not wish merely to analyse it: he wished to save it. But what quality could revive a dead world? In his studies of Roman history, in his reading of Livy in his villa of S. Casciano, Machiavelli saw what had gone out of Italy: that civic virtue, that spirit of martial solidarity, even of faction, which had given vitality to the Roman republic. But once dead, how could such a spirit be recreated? Machiavelli's answer was simple, naive, even defeatist. The princes had ruined Italy: a Prince, by the same arts, must revive it. A citizen militia, the essential means and symbol of that spirit, must be created – but from above: for, not by, the citizens. The mean *astuzia* of petty princes, which had corrupted Italy, must be replaced by the heroic *astuzia* of a great Prince, who will restore it, drive out the barbarians, and create a new kingdom of Italy, worthy of its past.

Yes, its past. To Professor Chabod, Machiavelli does not look forward. It is the incidental product of his genius which has inspired and shocked and instructed posterity. Fundamentally he looked back. 'Other works . . . reveal that in the Europe of those days new seeds of life were germinating' – in his essay on the Renaissance Professor Chabod touches on those works; but this work, *The Prince*, 'so infinitely superior to all others in its imaginative power and dramatic emphasis, testifies to the passing of a glorious era that has run its course': it is 'at once a synthesis and a condemnation of two centuries of Italian history'. And being so retrospective, so academic, it had little chance of success. If Machiavelli, carried away by sudden emotion while writing his cool, analytical *Discorsi*, thus threw out his most famous book, disillusion was soon to turn him back again. In his later *Art of War* he sadly gave up his faith: the princes, he wrote, 'persist in the same error and live amid the same disorders, heedless of warnings and the lesson of events'. 'Little by little', says Professor Chabod, 'slowly but without pause, Machiavelli's imagination slides back into the past, loses its creative vigour, and assumes the form of an interpretative faculty. And so we have the *Florentine Histories*.'

What a pleasure it is to have these essays in print again, and in English! The publishers have performed a public service in thus breaking down our parish barriers. I hope they will be rewarded.

H. R. Trevor-Roper

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Annals of Opera

Two Centuries of Opera at Covent Garden. By Harold D. Rosenthal. *Putnam.* 75*s.*

A proper history of the Royal Opera House has long been needed and Mr Rosenthal's very handsome volume will become henceforth an indispensable work of reference for the specialist and an endless source of interest and amusement to the wider public. Though all such tomes must fall into Lamb's famous 'non-book' category, they are irresistible to the addict, and require much skill, as well as industry, in the compiler. Mr Rosenthal, who was for some time the theatre's official archivist and can be presumed to have got his facts right, has shown a remarkable talent in the organisation and arrangement of his huge mass of material.

To begin with, he made the wise negative decision to stick to opera alone, excluding the theatre's important past as a playhouse, and neglecting ballet except as an operatic adjunct. To have done otherwise would have impaired the unity of the book, and must have extended it to a second volume. The mainly non-operatic first 115 years (1732-1847) are disposed of in 71 pages; another 317 bring us to 1914, while a final 282 pages complete the story as far as *The Trojans*, and even manage to forecast the Callas *Traviata*. It is arguable that the last forty years (which include a big war-time gap) are thus treated at rather disproportionate length when compared with the almost unbroken sequence of opera seasons during the 77 years before the First War; in reply, Mr Rosenthal would perhaps plead the great interest for contemporary readers of so full an account of recent events and policies. He has a talent for disentangling the confusions of finance, a marked narrative gift and a clever way of planting a mild surprise in the final paragraphs of his short chapters: what will happen next, we vaguely wonder – and turn the page to see. Despite these literary merits, it must be said that the actual writing is not elegant. 'Before' and 'after' are simple words of which Mr Rosenthal does not think much; he prefers 'prior to' and 'following'.

Miss Thebom is described as 'a ranking American mezzo-soprano', which is surely the language of advertisement; and so on. Sometimes the author's peculiarities of usage are rather happy, as when an unfortunate soprano is said to have 'vanished into the oblivion from which she had emerged'. And there is something delightfully quaint about the remark that the sudden death of a certain conductor 'put an end to any further speculation about his future'.

The author has evidently modelled himself on Mr Irving Kolodin's standard *Story of the Metropolitan Opera*, using the same devices of an asterisk to represent the first appearance of a singer in a role, and a '(d)' to indicate a singer's début, and interlarding his story with critical comments of varying length. He has greatly increased the value of his book by including some account of operatic seasons at other London theatres, and above all by a full year-by-year summary of casts for every opera given at Covent Garden from 1847 to 1957. He should have insisted on the insertion of dates at the head of the page; if we dip into the book, it is often very hard to discover the year. The publishers have, however, provided an exceptionally attractive format, and have moreover so bound the volume that it will lie open at any point – a great convenience rarely found in English books. I am sure they feel that they have done us equally proud in the way of an index; but they have not. True, this feature covers 40 pages of small type, but it is absurdly planned, with dates inserted in the middle of page references according to an unexplained system (if these dates told us the years during which an opera or singer was heard, they would be most useful), and with space-wasting references to the names of arias and of characters: who is going to look up 'La donna è mobile' under D, or First Lady (in *The Magic Flute*) under F? As we continue to make use of this index, we begin to wonder whether its compiler has ever been inside an opera-house. Thus, he seems to have begun with the assumption that there were three different Mozartian operas, *Figaro*, *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Le Nozze di Figaro;* by page 44 he has tumbled to the truth, but instead of conflating all his references he has meaninglessly left two apiece under *Marriage* and *Nozze*, continuing to make further entries under *Figaro*, and calmly adding at the end 'see also *Nozze* and *Marriage*'. The name of the compiler, Mr G. Norman Knight, is printed at the head of his index: one of the White Knights, I fancy?

Mr Rosenthal is very downright and fearless (and, in my opinion, very sensible) about post-war policies and personalities at Covent Garden. In writing about earlier periods, he is usually careful not to obtrude his own views and sympathies; but he seems to show a slight but recurrent anti-aristocratic bias, which comes out in his references to Melba. Whatever she says or does, poor Melba catches it; yet it was surely not unreasonable of her to complain, *à propos* of the 1919 season, that men who could afford to pay for stalls might have turned up in something better than 'shabby brown tweed coats'? Her photograph (as Juliet) is mislabelled as 'Marguerite de Valois' from *Les Huguenots;* and her famous Farewell Speech, familiar to thousands from its publication as a gramophone record, is inaccurately reported.

Since the author has generously acknowledged my services as a proof-reader, I am bound to point out that circumstances prevented my performing more than half of this task. Otherwise, I hope that I might have spotted at any rate a few such minor slips: for instance, the quotation from a criticism of Edvina's Thaïs that 'neither as singer nor saint was her demeanour compelling or convincing' (for *singer* read *sinner*?), or the reference to Mme Carosio's Xenia in *Boris* (p. 563) and to Dame Maggie Teyte's Gretel (p. 531) when in each case these singers actually sang the brothers (Feodor and Hansel) of the characters named. And perhaps I might have saved Mr Rosenthal from getting into serious trouble with the United States Marine Corps for daring to enrol that cad Pinkerton (p. 596) in their blameless ranks! But it will be seen, I hope, how slight are the drawbacks, and how signal the virtues, of his great undertaking.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A Kikuyu Hitler

The Hunt for Kimathi. By IAN HENDERSON with PHILIP GOODHART. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

Dedan Kimathi, perhaps the most fanatical spirit among the Mau Mau, is seen by these authors as a sort of Kikuyu Hitler. Born in 1920, an illegitimate child, he was delinquent from early boyhood, and injured, robbed, or defied his nearest relations and benefactors. He acquired a smattering of education which served to fortify his superstitious belief in himself as a destined leader of his people, to enlarge his ambition, and to add to his prestige with his illiterate followers. Like Hitler, he exploited a tribal and social crisis – in this case, the Mau Mau revolt – and was largely enabled to do so by his belief in himself, by superstition, and by a gift for sensational oratory. He is said to have been magnetic, compelling, and irresistible as an orator. Having taken to the Aberdare Forest in 1952, with a Kikuyu

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JOHN MURRAY

Old Testament and a publication called *Napoleon's Book of Charms*, he made himself a dictator, ruling by fear – chiefly the fear of his own or supernatural anger – and indulging his love of cruelty and assassination. It is said that 'executions became his sole amusement', and he arranged them as often as possible.

The word 'terrorist', like the word 'rebel', is often indiscriminately applied to persons who think a change of government worth fighting for, and who, if such a change is effected, come to be regarded as heroes, at least by their own people; but it is a word that applies exactly to Kimathi. The story of his career would provide a case-history of much interest, both for general psychological and for specifically African reasons. It would be one more reminder that, although whites have wronged blacks, blacks are liable to wrong blacks atrociously: the Mau Mau, for example, killed nearly a hundred times more Africans than non-Africans. This book, however, is not a case-history, but the story of the systematic reduction of Kimathi's gang and of the pursuit and capture of himself. The difficulties of the terrain cannot easily be exaggerated. Dense tropical forests, high altitudes, and the various threats of climate, fauna, and flora were on the side of elusive and desperate fugitives. Masters of bushcraft, uncannily expert in tracking as in detecting danger or covering their own tracks, they had attained a rare standard of physical endurance. Impervious to the effects of rain, heat or cold, they could sleep on ice without blankets, and break a three-day fast with raw monkey or wild honey (bees included). They could run for miles on their toes or heels to avoid leaving recognisable tracks, and were known to have run 70 miles barefoot in one day through thorny forest.

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Apart from physical hazards, there were those of superstition: the smallest of unfavourable omens at the wrong moment might undo a whole plan of campaign. And most difficult of all was the obtaining of information, the elucidation of motives, and the enlistment of whole-hearted, loyal support from reformed Mau Mau activists. Perhaps nobody but Ian Henderson could have done what was done. A police officer, the son of an immigrant from Scotland, himself born and brought up in Kenya, completely familiar with Kikuyu ways, and evidently a man of rare ability, courage, and endurance, he is officially regarded as having probably done more than anybody to bring 'the emergency' in Kenya to an end, and was twice awarded the George Medal. His story is told plainly, but is exciting, extraordinary, even heroic, the record of an adventure in the life of a non-African with an exceptional power of thinking and acting on an African level. There is no racial gloating; everything proceeds from an acceptance that Mau Mau was an absolute evil which must be overcome. With the question of how and why Mau Mau arose, whether it need have arisen, whether similar dangers may arise in Africa, and whether they are preventible, Senior Superintendent Henderson and his co-author are not here concerned. If Germany could be spellbound by a Hitler, it is not surprising that the Kikuyu could be bewitched by a Kimathi. 'The rulers of the world', as Peacock remarked, 'still feel things in their effects, and never see them in their causes.'

William Plomer

Dear Sirs and Bros

The Trades Union Congress (1868-1921). By B. C. Roberts. *Allen & Unwin.* 35*s.*

Between 1919 and 1921 Lloyd George finally alienated the labour movement. He thus set the seal on the conflict between liberals and Socialists which had been endemic since the 1890s. This division of its progressive forces condemned the country to the reactionary rule which set in in 1922, and reached its nadir in the sorry story of the Thirties, with their total lack of enlightened statesmanship. What happened in the last years covered by Mr Roberts's book was seminal for another reason too. For it converted the trade union movement from a liberal-radical to a Socialist attitude, made it see the need for developing its organisation, and laid the foundations of subsequent labour strength. Mr Roberts starts his account at a time when, such was the law of master and servant, a workman who absented himself from work committed a criminal offence and could be sent to prison for three months, without having been allowed to give evidence in court on his own behalf. He ends it with the TUC already beginning to become a third estate in the realm and an influential part of the British Constitution.

But the trade unions achieved this position by processes that were law-abiding and conservative. For one thing, they clung to their autonomy, and were long opposed to the construction in the TUC of any federal authority that would have power to impose its will, and thus give to the labour movement as a whole the strength of an organised unity. For another, they pursued a cautious attitude to proposals for direct action. Clearly they were well aware, long before the issue came to a head in 1926, that a direct threat to the government could lead only to revolution or defeat. That Labour under its more moderate leaders preferred reliance on the ballot-box could not hide the fact that it had reached a stage of real political authority. When, for instance, the prospect of war with Russia for once provoked in it complete solidarity behind a course of direct action, its effect on the Cabinet was undeniably profound.

Thus, as Mr Roberts writes, 'the trade unions had achieved considerable political influence in the state and the war had further raised their status, but the position of the trade unions at the place of work, with the exception of the skilled craftsmen's organisations, was, by contrast, often relatively weak, and subject to constant attack'. What they still had to seek was put by Harry Gosling to the 1916 Congress. Here he appealed for

> admitting the workmen to some participation, not in profits but in control. . . . In the daily management of the employment in which we spend our working lives. . . . we feel that we, as workmen, have the right to a voice – even to an equal voice – with the management. Believe me, we shall never get any lasting industrial peace except on the lines of democracy.

To that appeal, as to the case for some measures of socialisation, the Lloyd George government was to provide no response, and was therefore to lead to the final breach. Labour militancy was to subside temporarily with the onset of depression. But at least the trade unions had become aware of the need for the reorganisation and strengthening at the centre, of which the new constitution of the TUC, the creation of the General Council, and the undertaking of research activities in a central office, were the expression. They had started on a course which would involve wider national responsibilities.

Mr Roberts has written an admirable survey. It is the first complete history of the TUC up to this point. To valid criticism of the Webbs on some matters, he adds a most instructive account of the work of the Parliamentary Committee of the TUC during a vital period. This is an essential book for the student no less of the politics of the industrial state than of the history of the labour movement; and he will await impatiently the appearance of the second completing volume.

H. R. G. Greaves

New Novels

The Land Behind God's Back. By A. Den Doolaard. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Robinson. By Muriel Spark. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Still Alive Tomorrow. By Wayland Young. *Cresset Press.* 16*s.*

Occam's Razor. By David Duncan. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Clock of Time. By Jack Finney. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Who remembers plucky little Montenegro, the schoolboy's favourite, our smallest ally in 1914, then still a separate kingdom with a fierce little monarch whose beak met his upper lip over his moustache? 'King Nicholas', we were told, 'who is himself an experienced alpinist will be at the head of his troops.' Nevertheless life in Montenegro as part of Yugoslavia has been far, very far, from humdrum; of this we are reminded in *The Land Behind God's Back*.

This is a solidly interesting piece of semi-documentary fiction translated from the Dutch – a case of a flatlander falling in love with mountains. Mynheer Den Doolaard, as you may gather from his prologue describing the presentation to him of a *gusla* – the national stringed instrument, single-stringed, of hide stretched over maplewood—is very proud of his Montenegrin expertise. Justifiably so, for he has made sound if simple use of it; he gives you a real whiff of the place. His story is based on an episode in the partisan warfare against the Germans and Italians. His hero, Wolf Crnojevich, is a young architect who blows up the bridge he himself built to such a beautiful intricate curved design. Wolf's grandfather, Sava, who is the chief character in the early chapters, is a splendid and perfectly credible old feudalist who drones long ballads to his own accompaniment on the *gusla*. His idea of a wash and brush-up is to varnish his wooden leg. He is blown up in 1915 defying the Austrian advance guard; his nine-year-old nephew collects the fragments and buries them. For the next instalment we jump rather far forward to 1937 for Wolf's love affair with a sultry Florentine, fiancée of a cynical Italian fascist engineer. The bridge which Wolf goes home to build is more impressive than the average fictional structure. The end comes during the war when he is shot by the Italians for having sabotaged it. Meanwhile, through the eyes of Wolf's sister, who took to Marxism as a student, we have had a glimpse of the shape of Titoism to come. It is difficult to convey the precise merits of this rather uneven and very unsubtle novel. It makes an impression of sincerity and simplicity such as you associate with a pristine social realist, one who is not under pressure.

Peculiarly allergic to allegory which always gives me cramp in the cranium, I am also too coarse-fibred to appreciate Miss Spark, but I do realise that she has a distinct and original talent and real creative imagination. *Robinson* is the kind of novel that is my torture. It begins like a straightforward adventure but hints are soon dropped of hidden spiritual depths, obliquities, and whimsicalities in store. It is told by January, a young married woman who is one of three survivors of a plane crash on an Atlantic island—shaped like a human form—owned and named after a spiritual recluse, Robinson. An odd elliptical person, and a reformist Catholic with strong views on the undesirability of Mariolatry, he makes a distinct impression. The other survivors are Tom Wells, a vulgarian with a curious line in shoddy occultism and blackmail, and Jimmy Waterford, a half-Dutch strong simpleton, a connection of Robinson's. There is also a boy, Miguel, in order to protect whom from superstitious influences Robinson hides January's rosary. Presently Robinson disappears; for some time they think he has been murdered and Wells's blackmailing propensities are fully displayed. By the time the boat arrived to take them off I was starting to rave. Miss Spark refuses to tell us precisely who is doing exactly what to inalienably whom indisputably where. Nevertheless she has a real gift for characterisation and description and she gives a book that invaluable something which one calls a life of its own. It may be that a certain amount of unnecessary obliquity and whimsicality is inseparable from her talent. If so, I suppose we must put up with it.

Mr Young also tries to make his chief character live on two levels. *Still Alive Tomorrow* is about an intelligent young newspaper correspondent in Morocco, having a convincingly adventurous time in a setting of inconsequent violence with queer caids, hashish-taking black demi-mondaines and likeable French journalists. So long as he is in Morocco, writing about it urbanely and detachedly, he is entertaining to read. But about half the book is taken up with long flash-backs to his past love affair with the tormented Ruth, who committed suicide, and the early days of his marriage to Claire, now just about to have a baby in Rome. The two themes do not mix well and in the attempt to force them together Mr Young sometimes overwrites and drags in symbolical analogies by the hair. Yet he remains readable even if he fails to bring off the necessary feat of integrated story-telling; you do not grudge the time spent on him.

Science fiction continues to pour out of America and the fantasies seem to become if anything wilder, more primitive, and mystically allegorical. Both the next two books are a bit above average. Mr Duncan may have been reading some of the table-talk of the later Whitehead who was ready to envisage the possibility of any number of universes anywhere at any time, in that stone or this piece of wood. *Occam's Razor* features a mathematician at a rocket-station experimenting with soap films on topological problems of minimal surfaces who breaks through into another universe and collects two beings, a male and female. The male has horns which, in view of the female's love affair with an American psychiatrist, is not so surprising. The pay-off is apocalyptic but benign. *The Clock of Time* is a small book of short stories written round the theme which one of the characters describes as 'the growing rebellion against the present.' The best story is about a couple from the future who have emigrated by time machine into present-day America. It seems that the future is going to be so much more awful that this practice, disguised as 'vacationing,' is becoming increasingly common. Watch out for tentacled strangers at your holiday camp.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Think-Pieces

Granite and Rainbow. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. *Hogarth Press.* 18*s*.

'And if I knew Mr Lytton Strachey, I'd tell him what I think of him. . . .' The voice, with its ironic echoes of the tennis-court, is that of 'Ann' addressing 'Judith' in 'A Talk About Memoirs', reprinted here from the NEW STATESMAN of nearly 40 years ago. In the background of most of these essays, indeed, the shadowy presence of Mr Strachey looms like a gangling Pepper's Ghost. Several of the biographical ones, in particular, vividly recall the flavour of *Portraits in Miniature* or *Characters and Commentaries*. The prose itself is mannered, a little strutting: there is a faintly predictable elegance and sureness of touch. There is the same devotion to Horace Walpole, the same implicit homage to the eighteenth century, the same mock-severity towards moral lapses; there is the same playful tenderness for obscure friends of the great. It is a game at which many of us have played, less adeptly, for ourselves.

Of course, there was a difference of depth between them: perhaps it was the difference between the novelist and the popular biographer. It appeared most sharply in the contrasting use that they made of Monk's life of Bentley, Master of Trinity: Strachey to tell the sad (and highly comic) story of Dr Colbatch, Virginia Woolf to explore Bentley's character and cast impudent doubt upon the sensibility of classical scholars. Strachey's characters were adroitly manœuvred puppets, mainly valued for their absurdity, but with a dash of sympathy or pathos thrown in to appease the conscience behind the smile. With Virginia Woolf, on the other hand, sympathy and pathos are more genuine. She nicely balances compassion and amusement in her final words on Thomas Coutts the banker and his lady-love, who 'had walked through bitter waters to rescue their little fragment of love from all that money'. She is similarly kind and sensible about Fanny Burney's half-sister, about Baretti, the friend of Dr Johnson, and about Eliza and Sterne. In these essays, in fact, *Granite and Rainbow* fully bears comparison with the two *Common Reader* collections.

And yet, nevertheless, the comparison with Strachey remains, more relevant here than it seemed on previous occasions. For the corollary of playful biography, as practised by both Strachey and Virginia Woolf, is surely an ambivalent attitude towards human beings: a conjunction of hardness with undue softness, of withdrawn superiority with a certain facility of emotion dangerously close to sentimentality. On the one side there are tough-minded remarks—about children, about pre-Magarshack Dostoevsky translations, about one famous instance of Sterne's affected simplicity, 'like eyes turned unctuously to Heaven'. And on the other side, especially in some of the potted literary essays gathered here, there is a breathless bookman's exaltation, a soggy sense of platform compliments, a patronising Georgian gospel-spreading about what Strachey once called 'the endless glories of Art'. Until I had read the first essay in this book, I should never have believed that the *New York Herald Tribune*, today the home of Red Smith, Art Buchwald, and Joe Hyams, could once have provided a haven for sentences like this: 'For, of course, poetry has always been overwhelmingly on the side of beauty. She has always insisted on certain rights. . . . She has never been used for the common purpose of life'.

Something of the same ambivalence may perhaps be found in Virginia Woolf's fiction. In that very revealing short story, 'An Unfinished

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GLYN DANIEL

NELSON

Novel', she herself deplored her tendency to weave romance about people because she saw them, bookishly, from the outside. But she was also aware, as several of the present essays make clear, of what her real contribution to the novel was to be. 'It will give the relations of man to nature, to fate; his imagination; his dreams. But it will also give the sneer, the contrast, the question, the closeness and complexity of life. It will take the mould of that queer conglomeration of incongruous things—the modern mind.' No wonder she admired Sterne. Few novelists, indeed, have given so full and so vivid a picture of the buzz and ferment of consciousness, of being alive with sensations, feelings, opinions, and ideas. And this active quality, so exciting and perhaps disruptive in her novels, emerges equally in the best of her critical writing. In *A Room of One's Own* and *Three Guineas* she presents not the end-products of thought, but the process of thinking, the complex experience whereby opinions are arrived at. One of the most interesting essays in this collection, a cogitation on Hemingway, displays precisely the same talent, revealing her mind at work, not swept and dusted for the occasion, neatly arranged with Stracheyan symmetry, but in all its hubbub of activity, tentative, lively, and very shrewd.

RICHARD MAYNE

Recent additions to the International Library of Sociology (Routledge) include *Adult Education: A Comprehensive Study,* by Robert Peers (35s.); Emile Durkheim's *Professional Ethics and Civic Morals* (30s.), and Werner Stark's *Sociology of Knowledge* (36s.). The Studies in Society series (Allen & Unwin) now includes Stephen Cotgrove's *Technical Education and Social Change* (25s.).

Drambuie
THE LIQUEUR YOU PREFER TO BE OFFERED

Shorter Reviews

Japan's Economic Recovery. By G. C. ALLEN. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

Professor Allen's theme is one of the most fascinating post-war economic problems. The resurgence of Japan was as—or perhaps even more—surprising than the German economic miracle. Japanese resources are scantier, she is more dependent for her standard of life on vulnerable foreign trade. Her productive power was, if anything, more crippled by bombardment. Her position was more favourable because—apart from the islands lost to Russia—America was the only occupying power. She escaped division. The occupying forces—and in practice this meant General MacArthur—tried to impose on Japan American ideals and methods. Apart from land reform, hardly any of these innovations survived the occupation regime. In the end the clash between the desire to safeguard the existing social system, and the desire to enforce competition and deconcentration on a reluctant monopolistic upper class as in Germany, resulted in victory to the former.

The American anxiety to save Japan from Chinese Communism, the Korean war and the Suez crisis provided the material basis for the Japanese economic rebirth. It is now exposed to the decline of US help and the sharpening deflation on the international markets. The 1929 crisis and her resultant exclusion from many national areas was one of the reasons impelling Japan on her career of continental conquest in China. There is hardly any possibility now of a repetition of that history. But an increasing pull from the Communist system would prove a disturbing alternative menace to western policy. Professor Allen's treatment is far too restrained to probe the basic sociological problems which will decide the future. But he does at least raise tantalising questions.

T. B.

Marriage Counselling. By J. H. WALLIS and H. S. BOOKER. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

This book falls into two parts. First, a description by Mr J. H. Wallis, Training Officer of the National Marriage Guidance Council, of the origin, growth and organisation of the marriage guidance movement. He outlines, but does not appraise, its principles and methods. The Council's assumption 'that marriage is a divine institution' leads naturally to the unexamined premise that it is always better to preserve than to break a marriage. Mr Wallis gives a glowing account of the procedures by which the voluntary counsellors are chosen. These are necessarily complex as the men and women selected are required to possess a combination of the qualities of Solomon and Evelyn Home. Regrettably, therefore, he provides no systematic information about their social, occupational or educational background.

The second part contains an analysis (financed by the Carnegie Trust) of some 25,000 cases handled by counsellors in 1952, 1953 and 1954. The statement in the Foreword of Mr Hugh Lyon that this 'forms one of the most important social surveys ever made in this country' is sadly falsified by the text. Mr H. S. Booker's presentation of the statistical results does little to clarify their meaning. The most important conclusion seems to be that 'in about one-third of the cases the difficulty was overcome or the relationship improved, in one-third there was no improvement and in one-third the outcome was unknown'.

O. R. McG.

Gibbon and Rome. By E. J. OLIVER. *Sheed & Ward.* 12s. 6*d.*

With an elegance and lucidity of style not unworthy of his subject, Mr Oliver has written a most attractive essay on the life and thought of Gibbon. His book has itself something of an eighteenth-century flavour. Like an urbane Georgian gentleman displaying to guests the several features of his landscaped garden, Mr Oliver takes his readers on a conducted tour of the *Decline and Fall,* with enlightening excursions into the territory of the *Autobiography* and the Journal. The noble prospect of Gibbon's thought is revealed to us from various excellent points of vantage. Every now and again we are brought to a halt before some feature of particular interest (his scepticism, for example, or his attachment to the Roman tradition), upon which Mr Oliver expatiates with taste and learning. He displays to us the statuary—the heroic figure of Julian the Apostate, the bust of Voltaire, on a very low pedestal. He leads us through the Gothic grotto of eighteenth-century Oxford and the Wilderness of Lausanne, and so to the Roman Imperial ruins, where he dwells lovingly upon the stones and pillars that compose this most majestic of edifices.

At every turn he has some pleasant and fresh observation to make upon features which are easily passed by, but he never attempts to conceal the defects which, from certain aspects, mar the perfection of the whole; nor does he neglect the occasional Folly, the failure of sympathy on points of religion, the contemptuous treatment of Christianity and women. Instructively conversing to the end, allowing himself now and again a digression of modest proportions, he leaves his readers at once enlightened and entertained: more tolerant of the faults of Gibbon, more admiring of his capabilities, and not insensible to the charms of a guide whose own work forms a modest monument to sensitivity of perception and exactitude of thought.

J. E.

Lost Victories. By ERICH VON MANSTEIN. *Methuen.* 50*s.*

You can't keep politics out of anything nowadays; as soon as you try it, authority goes. Many think of Manstein as a great general; in fact, he is an excellent soldier. The campaigns he overseered he describes with clarity and precision. Better soldiering on the Russian part obliged him to devise a brilliant fighting retreat, but so ably did he plan, and so well did his troops wage their war, that the hints—constant in every chapter—blaming Hitler and mostly Hitler for the rout are Lord Weary's argument and none too weighty.

The great generals, Cæsar and Cromwell for instance, fought with their political aims in mind; their victories are complete and not merely decisive. Since Bismarck's time, Germany had no such general and their military caste had indulged in the game of 'pure' soldiering; certainly, in such people, a decadence. Manstein's attitude toward Hitler is that of a sixth form public-school girl to a rich and successful whore who is supporting her poor old parents. He is unswervingly loyal, but waspish; he does not question the authority, only the personality. In the end, in spite of his 'standing up' for the army and his getting the sack for his pains, Manstein is craven and snobbish. He speaks of the 'diabolical party intrigue' whereby he was sacked; of Hitler as a man jealous of military men because they came 'from a past which he did not understand' and an 'atmosphere to which he never had an access'. 'Raising that coarse voice of his' the Marshal goes on about his master, and doubts whether Hitler had 'human feelings left'. Well, really. . . . For all his terrible experience Manstein stays naive, expressing—modestly of course—the sole response to which his position does not entitle him, surprise when faced by a frank beast.

C. L.

Teaching Poetry. By JAMES REEVES. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

'We need both a rational and an irrational pole to the axis on which the human psyche revolves', and in James Reeves's view it is part of the English teacher's work to guide the irrational pole in the right direction by helping his pupils to share the adventures into the irrational of which poetry is made. On the choice of poems for children and their presentation he has pronounced views. 'To decide what are good poems for children one should apply the same criteria as for poetry in general, except that one must try to read it with the understanding, the vocabulary, and the feelings of a child.' Here his experience as an anthologist and his first-hand knowledge of teaching lead him to interesting suggestions of poems suitable for various ages: for example, Arthur Waley's translation *Homecoming* had evoked some lively adaptations of the same subject from a class of eleven-year-olds. It is a pity he does not include a list of good class-books and further reading for the teacher. In his suggestions on classroom method he is unusually inventive in ways of keeping the children interested without departing from the subject, and shows how lively and direct experience of poetry at an early stage can lead to more sophisticated criticism among older pupils.

A. M.

Week-end Competition

No. 1479 **Set by Swithin**

The usual prizes are offered for the opening stanzas of an Ode to Rain. Limit, 16 lines. Entries by 15 July.

Result of No. 1,476 Set by Arthur Marshall

Most humans have a clear idea of what would be their own personal Hell. Mine would be an endless sitting, dressed in jeans, on a contemporary chair, listening to unaccompanied choral singing and sustained by a diet of parsnips and goats' milk. Occasionally the singing would give place to a female station announcer declaiming *The Song of Hiawatha.* Competitors are invited to provide their own eternities of horror. Limit: 50 words.

Report

The subject turned out to be an ideal steam-letter-off and, as usual, the mention of food brought instant and strong reactions, diets of cocoa, marzipan, whelks, kidney soup, nut cutlets, artichokes, tripe and yoghourt proving unappetising. Television came in for a general pasting, with poor Mrs Dale (in an omnibus edition from the earliest programme on, and on) a good second. To have no reading matter but *The Times* and the weekly you are now looking at (no prize for *these* competitors!) was found to be unacceptable. There were several horrifying inventions, quite the nastiest being that of James Fidgen, who pictured himself sitting eternally in a dentist's chair with the saliva extractor working in reverse. Not knowing the geography, or finding the 'Gents permanently OUT OF ORDER' (Denis Botterill), figured frequently. For Joan Aebi there was 'compulsory dancing (sambas) with National Servicemen who are short, Neanderthal and drunk', and for Derek Beck, 'hearing women who have sublimated their sex discussing, at the National Film Theatre, a film I like'. Other common aversions were bagpipes, oysters, the Mona Lisa, candyfloss, halitosis vis-à-vis, and liquorice.

It was difficult, as ever, to judge fairly such a large entry. I suggest that the prizes be divided equally between the first four printed: a selection of strong runners follows.

Clad in a sleeveless 'sack' and pointed, stiletto-heeled shoes, walking across an endless desert of stones, baking by day, freezing by night, accompanied by a homosexual husband and his best friend; existing on tinned beetroot and sour milk; a fast motor road reeking of petrol nearby; jets screeching overhead.

JOAN MUNDS

Seated on the Collected Works of Theodore Dreiser in a Paddington basement, a cropped and bony blonde with man-sized ears perched on one's knee feeding one Sauerkraut out of the tin, listening to a reading of *The Outsider* given by the author.

C. W. V. WORDSWORTH

I *always* have piles *and* rheumatic fever. I sit outdoors in a wet January looking through a 10 foot high concrete-and-wire mesh fence at the Great West Road. My sole entertainments are obligatory television programmes of Ruby Murray and the novels of Charles Morgan. My wife is with me.

WALDO HANN

To be obliged to watch an endless Ionesco-derived play acted by first-year drama students before an applauding audience of young Chelsea stockbrokers (Hugh, Gerald . . .) and their Knightsbridge fiancées (Caroline, Penelope . . .). No interval to be longer than one half of a cigarette.

JEREMY KINGSTON

A draughty seat at a provincial Music Festival (of a standard too sophisticated to be funny) during an interminable soprano class in which Mozart is sung slightly off pitch under an unshaded light against a background of pink drapes.

RHODA TUCK POOK

To sit in rain, while hands and feet grow number,
On crowded English beach in English summer;
And face returning to that drear hotel
  Is Hell.

VERA TELFER

Evening dress, collar too tight – room too hot – Polovtsian Dances, insidiously – somewhere a door bangs every few seconds – a single old copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* to read – dry risotto from an amateur cook and bad Chianti – hiccups . . . on . . . and on . . . and on. . . .

W. R. GEORGE

A thin, mean, east wind is blowing, inescapably, and for ever. In the murky gloom indistinct figures move furtively, threateningly. I see nothing clearly, I feel nothing but the bitter, cruel cold, and I hear nothing but muffled, shuffling footsteps, and the whine of the wind – for ever in the east.

E. R. WARD

Standing at a party, with an empty stomach, holding a glass of acid wine and a peanut, surrounded by past and present debutantes – all amazed at one not having been abroad for years and owning no car. Then being told that the Play of All Time was *The Reluctant Debutante.*

MEG SIMMONS

For all eternity this is the moment just before I am going to be sick.

CHRISTINE GREENFIELD

City Lights

Turn Again, Whittington

There's still scope enough in the City for young men of energy and imagination, particularly if they are interested in property and have an eye for a bid. Look, for example, at A. Peachey of Station Square, Petts Wood, Kent. Peachey's business has prospered since it pulled out of estate agency and building and turned to investing and dealing in property and property companies. Since 1951 its dealing profit has risen from £29,000 to £262,000 and its letting profit from £13,000 to £254,000; it now finds it necessary to have some 200 subsidiary companies, each of which poses the Inland Revenue with the problem of deciding whether it is to be assessed as an investor or a dealer in property.

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The 29th annual general meeting of Telephone Rentals Limited was held on June 27 in London, Mr Fred T. Jackson, OBE, Comp.IEE (the chairman), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:

We have had another successful year, showing an increase of profits.

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The Gross Profit of £875,370 is an all-time record and is £121,631 greater than that for the previous year.

The Net Profit, before transfers to Reserves and provision for Dividends at £474,356, is up by £69,589; a most gratifying result.

The Net Profit of the Group before taxation is £927,653, compared with £789,103 for 1956.

I think you will agree with me that the Accounts and Report reflect an even stronger and healthier position than last year.

The report was adopted.

Peachey is controlled by two of its directors, Mr Hutley and Mr Farrow. They are naturally anxious for it to expand still further, and it was only in the autumn of last year that its bid for another £4m concern – Artizans' and General Properties – was frustrated by an obstinate Board. Another opportunity, however, soon turned up. The directors of a company called Bell London and Provincial Properties were anxious to dispose of their controlling shareholding in it – so anxious, indeed, that they seem to have regarded the Rent Act as sufficient of a godsend to make up for the publicity they attracted by giving all the tenants in one of their blocks of flats notice to quit. Market gossip soon coupled Peachey with Bell – yet it was not Peachey himself but Messrs Hutley and Farrow who bought the controlling interest, and at a price well above the market price of the shares.

Few people would have been surprised to learn that control of Bell was subsequently to be handed on to Peachey. In fact, things are happening the other way about. Bell is making a bid for Peachey shares – offering debenture stock which the matchmaking finance house is willing to exchange for cash. The bid is not a bad one by the usual standards, and Messrs Hutley and Farrow are naturally recommending it to their shareholders. If it goes through successfully, they will have exchanged their 52 per cent. holding in Peachey for one of about 70 per cent. in Peachey-cum-Bell, a company twice as large. Moreover, since they will presumably be getting enough cash for their Peachey shares to pay for most of their Bell holding, the change will have cost them little or nothing.

There are a number of interesting points about this transaction – the position of the minority shareholders in Peachey, the raising of fresh capital without Treasury permission to finance an improvement in the affairs of Messrs Hutley and Farrow, the prejudice which the issue of this debenture may do to the solution of the company's financial problem, and the proof it provides that there is still scope in the City for young men.

* * *

Peachey is only one example of what is happening to the Capital Issues Committee. People have been quietly ignoring it for months: now, flushed with impunity, they are beginning to jeer openly at its lack of authority. Olds Discount, for example, is a hire-purchase finance house which was refused permission to raise capital as long ago as 1956 and learned its lesson well. In January of this year it acquired in exchange for its own shares a company whose sole asset was £245,000 in cash: the shares were subsequently resold through a finance house to the general public. The effect of this deal was precisely the same as if Olds had received CIC consent and made an issue, except, as was pointed out at the time, that the new shares would normally have been offered to Olds' own shareholders on a rights basis. There is a good deal of understandable competition between City finance houses in ingenuity and impudence, and it was not long before the complete circumambience of the CIC had become standard practice. Olds has now acquired another company whose sole asset is £859,000 in cash. This time, however, the transaction has been arranged through another finance house, and the shares are being re-offered to Olds' own shareholders – these, by the way, will be paying £886,000 for them: the odd £27,000 is the cost of the deal. As the recession spreads and money becomes easier, the premium charged for cash shells is decreasing.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 451. Mate from Scratch

I am aware of only one case of playing for a mate from scratch, as it were, and the hero of that story was our own ladder-crack D. E. Cohen when someone was rash enough to give him P & 2 moves, and foolish enough to counter P-K4, Kt-QB3 by (2) . . . P-K4; whereupon he was promptly knocked out by (3) Q-R5 ch, K-K2; (4) Q x P ch, K-B2; (5) B-B4 ch, K-Kt3; (6) Kt-R3 etc. Hence to see a new book entitled *Vom ersten Zug an auf Matt* (*Ten Have*, Amsterdam, 18s. 6d.) seems intriguing enough. No surprise, though, when the author turns out to be *E. J. Diemer* who, for decades by now, is the passionately indomitable protagonist of his notorious Blackmar-Diemer Gambit. I have been partial to it myself for many a year, and it is surprising how often in skittles, one can reach pleasing conclusions, such as (1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-K4, P x P; (3) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (4) P-B3, P x P; (5) Q x P, [Kt x P, is, of course, not quite so dashing], Q x P; (6) B-K3, Q-QKt5; (7) O-O-O!, B-Kt5; (8) Kt-Kt5!, Kt-R3; (9) Q x P, R-QKt1; (10) Q x R ch etc. But then Diemer himself, of course, has first played this some twenty years ago, and indeed there could hardly be any variation of the opening which he hasn't played or analysed over and over again, enough of them to fill his whole book. Take this deviation from the above-mentioned game. (6) . . . Q-KKt5; (7) Q-B2, Q-QKt5; (8) O-O-O!, Kt-Kt5; (9) Kt-Q5!, Q-R4; (10) Q-K1 ! ! etc. And just to show the wealth of combinative possibilities take a well known game by Ryder who, failing to see Diemer's k.o. on the 10th, played (10) B-Kt5 ch; now . . . B-Q2 is refuted by (11) Q-B5!, P-K3; (12) B x B ch, Kt x B; (13) Kt-B6 ch; and . . . P-B3 by (11) B-Kt6!, B-Q2; (12) Q-B4!, followed by Q-QB7. Some grandmasters, such as Spassky and Donner, like to toy with that tempting gambit from time to time, others sneer at it and dismiss it as being, at best, as promising as any gambit. " More so! Much more so," quoth Diemer, and, to some extent, I am prepared to agree. Take Joppen-Skrbek, 1952.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-K4, Kt-QB3; (3) Kt-QB3, P x P; (4) P-Q5, Kt-Kt1 [recommended by Nimzowitsch]; (5) B-KKt5!, Kt-KB3? (P-KR3!); (6) P-KB3!, P x P; (7) Kt x P, B-Kt5; (8) P-KR3!, B x Kt?; (9) Q x B, Q-B1; (10) O-O-O, P-QR3; (11) B-Q3 QKt-Q2; (12) KR-K1, P-R3; (13) B-R4, K-Q1; (14) B-B5, R-QR2; (15) B-K6!, K-K1; (16) QB x Kt, P x B; (17) Kt-K4!, Q-Q1; (18) Q-R5, Kt-K4; (19) B x P ch, etc.

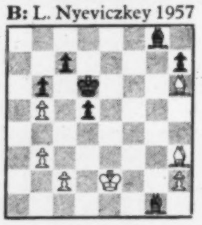
But Borsdorff-Heuberger 1956, deviating on Black's 5th is what Diemer calls the most brilliant kill of an all too timid gambit.

(5) . . . P-KR3!; (6) B-R4, P-KKt4; (7) Q-Q4, Kt-KB3; (8) B-Kt3, B-Kt2; (9) B-K5, B-B4; (10) Kt-Kt5, O-O!; (11) Kt x BP?, QKt-Q2; (12) Kt x R, Kt x B; (13) Q x Kt; Kt x P!; (14) Q x B, Q-R4 ch! etc.

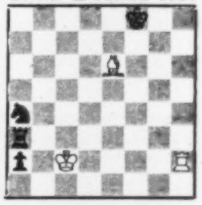
Finally one of Diemer's own brevities.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-K4, P x P; (3) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (4) P-B3, P x P; (5) Q x P, Q x P; (6) B-K3, Q-K4; (7) O-O-O, P-B3; (8) P-KR3, B-K3; (9) B-Q3, QKt-Q2; (10) KKt-K2, O-O-O; (11) B-KB4, Q-KR4?

B: L. Nyeviczkey 1957



C: M. Liburkin 1928



And the ensuing mate in 2 may as well serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners. **B** (for 6 ladder-points) is a win for White, and **C** (for 7) a draw, both of them pretty indeed. Usual prizes. Entries by 14 July.

REPORT on No. 448. Set 14 June

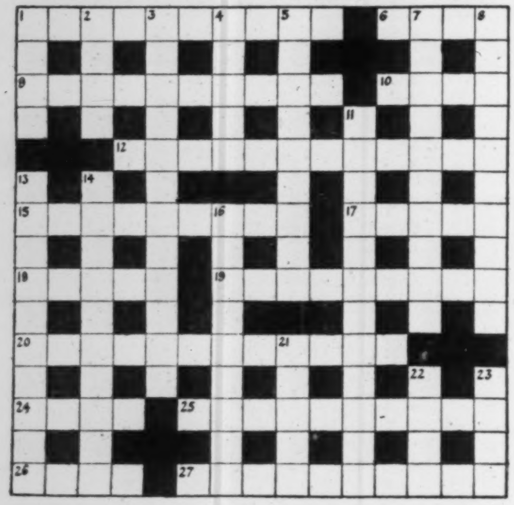
A: (1) Kt-R6 ch, K-R1; (2) QxB!, QxQ; (3) KtxP ch etc.
B: (1) PxP, K-B1!; (2) P-Q7, Kt-B4 ch; (3) K-Q6, Kt-Kt2 ch; (4) K-B6!! (K-B7??), K-K2; (5) K-B7, Kt-Q1; (6) P-Q6 ch etc.
C: (1) Kt-B5!, PxKt; (2) B-R3!!, BxB, (3) K-B2, B-K2; (4) P-Kt3, B-Kt5; (5) K-Q1!, B-B6; (6) P-K3 etc

Many correct solutions. Prizes: J. C. Anderson, a Swedish, and I. Avinery, an Israeli competitor, and L. G. Buxton, E. W. Carmichael, J. J. Walsh.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 310

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 310, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 15 July.



ACROSS

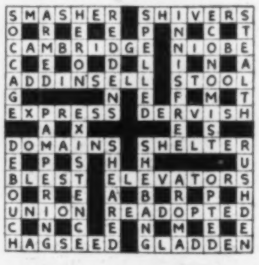
1. It may show there is time for a drink with a cricketer after a century (10).
6. 'To teach the young —— how to shoot' (Thomson) (4).
9. Ill-disposed as one clan is to a change (10).
10. Role which needs quiet skill (4).
12. Arriving first, so later mixed up in the full enjoyment of pleasure (12).
15. Regular figure which makes half the record a muddle (9).
17. Bumper number (5).
18. An acting teacher has to learn it backwards (5).
19. Flower which may appear inelegant (9).
20. Latin stories translated for scholars not interested in Rome (12).
24. One piece of Roman law is evergreen (4).
25. Showing the record being beaten (10).
26. It is used to make boots for the final (4).
27. The serpent potentially ranks with the sages (10).

DOWN

1. 'Repentance is the virtue of —— minds' (Dryden) (4).
2. Bird with nothing for a statesman (4).
3. In the various stores there is a fixed allowance for repairs (12).
4. Caught in the attraction for riches (5).
5. Plan efficiently a great man's house (9).
7. Something sharp, evidently used for pulling one's leg? (10).
8. It takes a singer to win a girl completely (10).
11. Two parties interchanging in turn make a difference to countries (12).
13. Concerning a spiritual official although the corporal is mixed up with it (10).
14. Look carefully at what is sent erroneously for deficiency (10).
16. The disguised ranger is about to sacrifice his life for a soldier (9).
21. Kings in Latin castles (5).
22. A drink up in town (4).
23. After five the illness would be uncertain (4).

SET-SQUARE

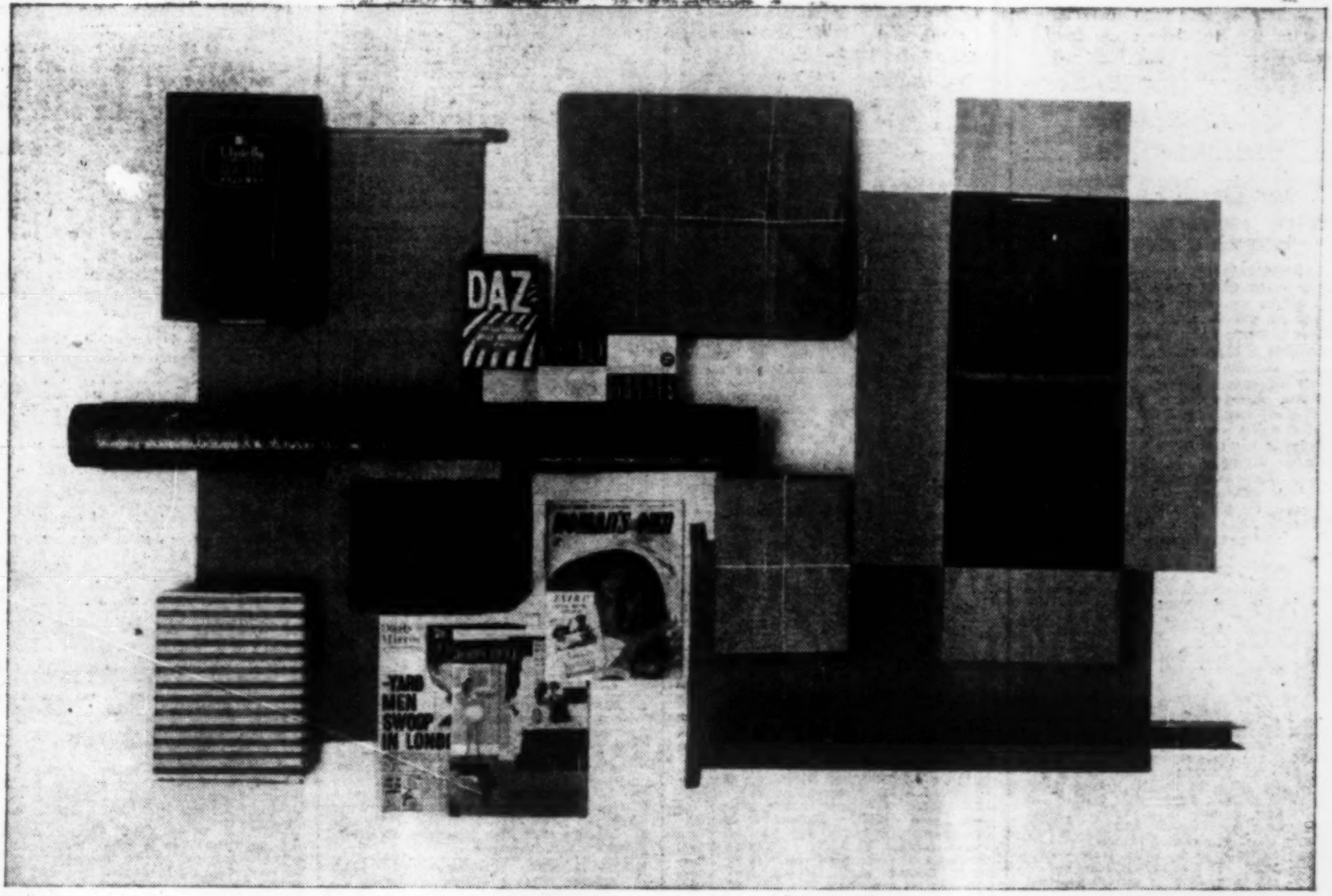
Solution to No. 308



S	M	A	S	H	E	R	■	S	H	I	V	E	R	S
O	■	R	■	E	■	E	■	P	■	N	■	C	■	T
C	A	M	B	R	I	D	G	E	■	N	I	O	B	E
C	■	E	■	O	■	D	■	L	■	I	■	N	■	A
A	D	D	I	N	S	E	L	L	■	S	T	O	O	L
G	■	■	■	■	■	N	■	E	■	F	■	M	■	T
E	X	P	R	E	S	S	■	D	E	R	V	I	S	H
■	■	A	■	X	■	■	■	■	■	E	■	S	■	■
D	O	M	A	I	N	S	■	S	H	E	L	T	E	R
E	■	P	■	S	■	H	■	H	■	■	■	■	■	U
B	L	E	S	T	■	E	L	E	V	A	T	O	R	S
O	■	R	■	E	■	A	■	B	■	R	■	P	■	H
U	N	I	O	N	■	R	E	A	D	O	P	T	E	D
C	■	N	■	C	■	E	■	N	■	M	■	E	■	E
H	A	G	S	E	E	D	■	G	L	A	D	D	E	N

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 308

W. Morel (London, NW3),
John May (London, SW15),
John Walker (Edinburgh)



Reed Paper Group increases output and sales

GROWING COMPETITION REDUCES PROFIT MARGINS

In his Annual Statement circulated to shareholders, together with the Group's Annual Report and Accounts, the Chairman, the Rt. Hon. Lord Cornwallis of Linton, K.B.E., M.C., referred to the following salient points:—

TURNOVER INCREASED IN VOLUME AND VALUE

— from last year's £58,500,000 to £62,300,000 — including record production and sales of corrugated cases and multiwall paper sacks.

NARROWED PROFIT MARGINS

— due to increasingly competitive world-wide conditions. Thus total trading profit, before charging depreciation, was lower at £5,764,750 (£6,663,954 last year). Final dividend recommended is 9%, less income tax, making total for year 14%, less income tax (16% last year).

FIXED ASSETS UP TO £24,500,000

— compared to £19,300,000 last year. Principal additions are No. 3 board machine at Colthrop Board and Paper Mills and No. 13 paper machine at Aylesford Paper Mills — both now in production.

PLANT MODERNISATION PROGRAMME

— capital expenditure on modernisation has played essential role in maintaining Group's profits under current conditions.

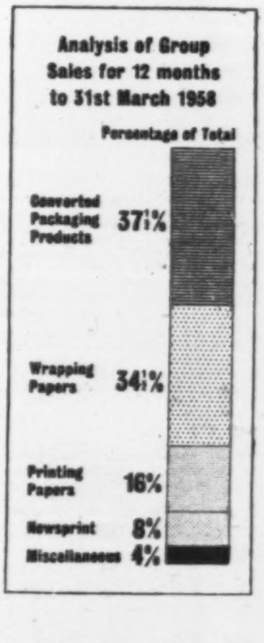
DIVERSIFIED INTERESTS A VALUABLE SOURCE OF STRENGTH

— the Reed Group's interests are spread over the paper manufacturing and converting industries, with particular emphasis on packaging. The Group's expansion over the past ten years has been particularly pronounced in those sectors of the whole U.K. paper industry where there has been steady growth and where high potential is concentrated. The Group's associated company Kimberly-Clark Ltd. has made very great progress — meeting increased demand for wadding products of all types including Kleenex, Kotex and Delsey.

PROSPECTS

— "*Your Company is in a sound position to face what will be admittedly a period of strongly competitive conditions, and thereafter to continue to maintain the position it has built up in the world pulp and paper industry*".

The full text of the Chairman's Statement is available on request.



Reed
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REED CORRUGATED CASES LTD. · CONTAINERS LTD. · POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. · CROPPER & CO. LTD. · CUT-OUTS (CARTONS) LTD.
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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

WEST HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE,

PEACE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, WATFORD CHEST CLINIC.

RADIOGRAPHER required to work full time in this Chest Clinic. Hours of work to include two evening sessions for which time off will be given during the day. This is a new Chest Clinic at which all branches of chest radiography are undertaken including tomography and miniature radiography (Odelca Camera). The Senior Radiographer is responsible for the X-ray work at Holywell Hospital and relief duties and occasional emergency duties at this Hospital are also included. Salary according to Whitley Scale. Applications stating age and experience together with copies of two recent testimonials to the Physician in Charge, Watford Chest Clinic, Peace Memorial Hospital, Watford, Herts.

CENTRAL Office of Information require a Chief Commissioning Editor, with original ideas, to supervise planning and commissioning of Feature Articles for overseas use. Overseas experience in press and information work an advantage. Post is graded Senior Information Officer (Unestablished); salary £1,350 to £1,605 (men); £1,275 to £1,509 (women). Write to Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4, quoting PE.1351. Only those selected for interview will be informed.

BBC requires Scriptwriter/Adaptor, Television in Glasgow. Work will include adaptation for television programmes of submitted and published material (plays, novels and short stories); liaison with writers; and registry and despatch of submitted material. Opportunity for original writing. Qualifications: good education (preferably to University standard), strong visual sense, proved creative ability and artistic judgment. Experience in television, films or theatre desirable. Appointment on trial for six months initially at salary £1,105 (higher if qualifications exceptional). Should extension be offered it will be for period of three years. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.708, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC invites applications from British born men and women who are interested in taking part occasionally in the programmes of the Corporation's German Service. Essential qualifications are: first-class knowledge of German and ability to speak it at the microphone, A fee would be paid for each programme at the Corporation's normal rates for readers. Applications with full details of experience and qualifications should be sent to Head of German Service, The British Broadcasting Corporation, Bush House, Aldwych, WC2.

ACTUARIAL appointments: Government Actuary's Department. Three pensionable posts for qualified Actuaries (FIA or FFA), under 35 on 1/8/58 as (a) Qualified Actuarial Assistant or (b) Assistant Actuary, according to qualifications and experience. Men's salary scale (a) £1,050 (or higher)—£1,285; (b) £1,350 (or higher)—£1,605. Good promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 4856/58. Closing date 18 July 1958.

MONSANTO Chemicals Ltd have a vacancy for a Technical Writer in their Application Research Department. The post is for a young man or woman Science graduate, or Arts graduate with interest in science, and requires enthusiasm for writing and presentation of technical information. Ability to grasp quickly user processes and technical terminology is essential, coupled with the qualities of tenacity and precise thinking. The successful applicant will have responsibility for drafting of technical literature in co-operation with scientific and technical staff, and for supervision of a technical library. Previous experience an advantage. Initially the post will be near London but in 1959 the work will be transferred on a permanent basis to new laboratories and library facilities to be erected in Newport, Mon. Salary commensurate with qualifications and experience. Non-contributory pension scheme. Please send full particulars to Personnel Department (DLO78), Monsanto Chemicals Ltd, Monsanto House, 10-18 Victoria Street, SW1.

WARDEN for Children's Camp required from the 26 July-30 August 1958. Applicants should have had experience of camping under canvas and of organising activities for children aged 9-13 years. Apply for full details to the Education Secretary, LCS Education Department, 13 Soho Square, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Holborn College of Law, Languages and Commerce, Princeton Street, WC1 (formerly Princeton College of Languages). Owing to expansion of work, and in preparation for the move to a new building, two Heads of Department, Grade II, from 1 January 1959: 1, Head of Department of Commerce and Law. Commercial qualifications, organising experience essential; commercial experience an advantage; law qualification an asset. 2. Head of Department of Modern Languages. Qualifications in Modern Languages, teaching experience, and organising ability required. (British nationality not essential.) Burnham FE salary scale £1,400 × £50 to £1,600 plus London allowance of either £36 or £48. Further particulars and application form to be returned by 25 July 1958 from the Secretary. (1214.)

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Clinical Psychology in the Department of Psychiatry of the Faculty of Medicine. Candidates should have an Honours degree in Psychology with additional training or experience in Clinical Psychology. Salary on a scale £700 to £850 with membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 12 July 1958 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of applic. obtainable.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Welfare Department. Staff reqd. in Middlesex for services to severely handicapped persons other than Blind. (a) In Finchley & Hendon, Home Work Organiser, to seek work from commercial concerns which can be performed by handicapped persons at home or at a Centre & to assist with & supervise the work generally. Car desirable; allowance considered. Salary APT.I, £605-£755 p.a. if 26 yrs or over. (b) In various parts of County, Welfare Visitors to provide or arrange general welfare services for such persons. Salary APT.I (as above), or Misc. III, £535-£595 if 26 yrs or over, accdg. to age & quals. All posts: Pensionable, subject to medical assessment. Prescribed conditions. For further particulars send stmpd. add. env. to Chief Welfare Officer, 1 Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Dartmouth Street, SW1, by 16 July (Quote X.759, NS). Canvassing disqualifies.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Bursar of Walthamstow Hall, Sevenoaks (Direct Grant Grammar School for girls, with junior department – numbers approximately 400 day and 120 boarders). Vacant January or earlier. Experience and knowledge of accountancy essential. No catering or domestic duties. Non-resident, salary according to experience. Further particulars and application form, which should be returned as soon as possible, from the Clerk to the Governors, Livingstone House, 42 Broadway, London, SW1.

HOUSEMOTHERS wanted now and in September for interesting and worthwhile work with blind children. Should be under 40, energetic, normal and happy people with experience of young children. Able to be 'parent' to a small group of 5-6 blind children aged 4 to 8 yrs. Apply with references to Court Grange, Abbotskerswell, S. Devon. (Branch of the Royal National Institute for the Blind.)

INTERESTING and unusual residential post available as House Mother, SRN, in Home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10, within easy reach of Central London. Candidates must have had good experience in residential work with children. Applications to Secretary, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

A VACANCY occurs for Secretary to the Stockport Council of Social Service and Citizen's Advice Bureau. Some training and experience of social work essential. Salary £575 × £30—£725 p.a. Write stating full details, experience and/or training, together with one written testimonial and names of two referees, to the Chairman of the Council of Social Service, Town Clerk's Office, Town Hall, Stockport, not later than 12 July, 1958.

CASHIER/Administrative Assistant required for small London headquarters office international organisation (non-commercial). Good education and experience, ability to work in foreign currencies and conduct correspondence, essential; languages an asset. Pension scheme. Salary according to experience, etc. Post vacant now. Applications, stating age, experience, references, salary required, to Box 1604.

ORGANISING Secretary (woman not over 45) reqd residential hostels which train and employ disabled girls in fine needlework. London area. Admin. ability and interest in soc. work. Apply Box 1393.

PART-time Secretary-Organiser required to deal with expanding membership. Fully equipped Party Office. Remuneration to be agreed. Applications to Hon. Secretary, Surbiton Constituency Labour Party, 1 Brighton Road, Surbiton. Closing date 31 July.

WEST End Fine Art Publishers require intelligent young man for despatch department. Duties include invoicing. Typing essential. Box 1622.

MANAGER/Manageress required for Coffee House opening shortly in the West End. Catering experience an advantage, but not essential. Salary £600 plus percentage. Write to Box 1545.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FAMILY Caseworker, woman, Social Science Certificate or relevant qualification and experience. Revised AGFCW scale according to qualifications. Charge of branch office, scope for initiative. Applications together with full details and names of two referees to General Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

ORGANISER, male or female, full- or part-time, wanted for Jewish organisation. Continental background and knowledge of German essential. Salary according to qualifications. Box 1602.

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist required for History Department at University College London (Gower St, WC1) beginning September. Graduate not essential but secretarial experience in academic or educational institution desirable: good speeds. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

DOUGLAS Glass, photographer, reqs personal secretary with some exec. ability. Apply in writing 43 Black Lion Lane, W6.

SECRETARY 20/30 for responsible post with well-known Architect W1. Gd sal. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

BOOK Publisher (London) has vacancy August for educated young woman to learn editorial side. Clear handwriting and ability to type desirable. Box 1669.

SECRETARIES wishing to gain wider knowledge in Commerce. Excellent posts available on our Temporary Staff. St Paul's Agency, 160 Cheapside, EC2. MET. 8533.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days, a week or longer. Details Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square. GER. 3249.

TEMPORARY Secretarial Post? Ring MAY 6336. Savoy Agency, 487 Oxford St, W1.

ST. Stephen's Secretariat needs temporary shorthand/typists, 5 day week, 10 guineas. 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217.

COOK-housekeeper, take charge, business couple. Daily kept, good wages, gd home. Benson, 3 Bryanston Mans, York St, W1.

AN EDUCATED intelligent young woman wanted as Mother's Help for two children aged 4 and 6. Must be over 25 and fully experienced, and trained. Essential to drive a car, and able to ride an advantage. Wage £6 6s. per week. Post vacant end of September. Apply: Mrs Alex Abrahams, Overdale, Fulwith Lane, Harrogate.

VOCATIONAL Guidance – The VGA Scheme offers a unique answer to the problem of choosing a career. Apply Secretary, The Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. (WELbeck 8017.)

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman, middle-aged, many years exper. printing trade, sks post where initiative & intel. appreccd. Wide intsts, LRAM & Social Sc. Diploma. S/typg. & simple B/Kpg if absol. nec. Free Sept. Box 1570.

BACH. 36, humanist, M/Navy & RAF, of some educ. Can drive, type, plain ckg, gardening, sks perm. quiet post. Box 1630.

BRANDLER, F., 37 Nottingham Pl., W1. WEL. 1415, available for paid jobs.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

LARGE well-furn. cent.-heated ground-flr bed-sit. Bkfst optional. Ckg facilities. Quiet neighbourhood 6 mins from Canons Pk Stn. Use gdn, garage, tel. Box 1581.

UNFURNISHED rooms in pleasant house with garden Highgate district; one recep., 2 bed (handbasins), sep. kitchen, scullery and w.c. £180 p.a. incl. Middle-aged couple preferred. Vacant end August. Give full details in reply. Box 1608.

FLAT sleep 4-5 available 19 July, Hampstead. Reasonable. SWI 4164.

5 Aug.-10 Sept., house, whole or part, large garden, nr East Putney Stn, fully furnished and equipped; sleeps up to 6 persons. Daily help if reqd. Box 1439.

SMALL room, Small house. Small rent. Excellent pied-à-terre. LADbroke 5118.

SOUTH Kensington, furn. s/c maisonette. 4 rms. & bathroom. From beg. Aug. Refs. 6 gns. wkly. Box 1651.

NR Baker St. Small 1 rm flatlet, no sep. kit. 67s. 6d. 'Phone HAM. 8109.

HAMPSTEAD for 1. Lge furn. b/s., redec., k., b., boxroom. Ev. privacy. MAI. 2821.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sitting rooms, Hanover Gate, Regent's Park. AMB. 3320.

LARGE basement room in pleasant Chelsea square, available July-Oct. inclusive. Use kitchen, bath. Very mod. rent, but must be reliable person prepared feed cats while owner away July-August. Write Box 1683.

NEWLY furn. & redecorated large sngl. room with built-in cooking unit, basin & Ascot. Linen & services. £3 10s. HAM. 0980.

HOLLAND Park from Aug., furn. flat, 2 rooms, kitch., bathroom, c.h.w. 6½ gns. incl. light. heat. Own tel. PARk 4476 evngs.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

BEDSITTING room, cooking facilities. 3 gns., no extras. PADdington 8789.

PLEASANT bedsitter in Doctor's house. Hot & cold water, gas fire & cooker, own meter. CANonbury 4554.

SMALL furnished house Hampstead. Free 26 July-13 Sept. Box 1677.

BED-Sitting rm, lge, comf. Quiet hse. Hampstead gdn suburb. SPE. 7684.

COMF. bed-sitter, mod. block. Ch. chw. Student or bus. woman. £3. MAI. 5447.

VACANCY. Newly dec. room bus/prof. woman. Share kit. 38s. MOU. 5438.

ATTRACTIVE single furn. flatlet with water & ckg facs. £3 p.w. TUD. 0516.

CHELSEA. Room in young bachelor's house. Reasonable terms. Box 1665.

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

HIGHGATE. Furnished flat, suit two business people. 5 gns. MOU. 3676.

FURNISHED bed-sitting rm, newly dec. hse, 2 min. Golders Green station. Gas fire, ring (meter); references essential. Ring (not Sats) SPE. 9488

QUIET room view over London. Dr Moody, 21 Redington Rd, NW3.

UNIVERSITY lecturer and sister require 3rd person to share fully eqpd Kensington flat. Own rm. FRE. 1829. Evs & wknds.

CENTRAL yet spacious. 2 airy dble. rms, 300 yds. Piccadilly Circus. Phone on same floor. Use k. & b. 5 & 4 gns. GER. 5006

HAMPSTEAD. Dble bed-sit., kit., shower-bath, frig. 5 gns. PRI. 1161.

EXCHANGE – 5-rm flat Central London, for cottage, house, pref. Highlands or Ireland, Aug. or Sept. 3 weeks. Box 1624.

TEIGNMOUTH, close sea and shops, large ground-floor flat. Self-contained, two bedrooms. July, August from 12 gns. p.w. S.a.e.: French, Westbrook House, Teignmouth, Devon.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

ARCHITECTURAL student requires large unfurn. room, use of bath & kitchen. Would redecorate. Pref. Hampstead area. Dobbs, 3 Oakhill Park, NW3. HAM. 4010.

WOMAN senior Civil Servant requires accommodation in South West London; would consider converting basement or offering care-taking for moderated rent. Box 1042.

SINGLE woman teacher (35) requires accommodation, own kitchen, reasonable rent, N, NW areas. Excellent refs. Box 1595.

UNFURNISHED living & box room as pied-à-terre sought by woman with typewriter. Box 1358.

YOUNG couple req. small unfurn. flat. London. area. Reas. rent. Box 1636.

ARE you a good fairy? Getting married July – little beyond Burnham – need roof – self-contained, central London. Box 1629.

YNG architect reqs finely proportioned room (or flat) which would be treated as the space & district merit. Box 1609.

YOUNG German & Italian students require accommodation with private families within walking distance of Champion Hill, SE5. Sleeping only, no meals or cooking. Phone BRIxton 3143 after 8 p.m.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

UNDISCOVERED country: substantial cottage, 4 rooms, stone outbuilding 900 sq. ft.; architect's modernisation plans passed; electricity, telephone, available. 7 acres, West Wales. £600. BM/PUMA, WC1.

ISOLATED small 17th cent. Cotswold house, all mod. con., Aga, with cottage convtd studio/workshops & kitette, walled gdn, orchard, stream, garage, 4 acres. Nr Stroud (Padd. 2 hrs) £3,850 fhld. Box 1588.

PERSONAL

GIPSY Wagon for sale. View Swan Hotel, Forest Row, Sussex.

ROMANY Caravan for sale, £95, nr Hastings, must be moved. Box 1498.

COTTAGE (sleep 4) wanted coast 2 wks from 18 Aug. pref. abroad. Box 1648.

ARTIST with gay gypsy caravan and carthorse looking desperately for quiet site/small plot land within 30 ml. London. Can anyone help? Box 1484.

YOUNG Frenchman, 27, working know. English, Portugese, typist, sks p/t or full-time post. Lived 2 years in London. Box 1255.

ERRANDS in Italy run by resident Anglo-Austrian. Dr W. de Roberto, Via Eritrea, Treviso.

CHILTERNS. Family holidays in 16th c. house in lovely gdn. Studio & baby equipment avail., riding stables ¼ mile, river close. Payment by arrangement. Box 1515.

DOCTOR'S wife seeks congenial companions with car for long vacation in Spain. Share expenses. Can offer exc. reasonable accom. lovely villa Palma. Box 1699.

MUSIC Student, m, 20, sks job, London, to support himself during summer vac. Anything consid. Own typewriter. Box 1589.

PERSONAL—continued

ACTIVE young Socialist, late 20's seeks night and/or week-end work to enable continue voluntary political work during day. (London.) Anything considered. Box 1460.

SALAMANCA, Spain. English Language School for sale or teacher/director required for minimum one year. Rented flat. Excellent prospects. Box 1607.

WOULD anyone travelling to Italy in September take slightly handicapped lady against contribution to fare? Box 1573.

INDIAN student wanted for Hindi conversation, evgs. Centr. London. Box 1519.

SPANISH conversation wanted in exchange for English. Central London. Box 1454.

FRENCH student teaches French. Moderate fees. Box 1626.

DRIVING Salzburg 17 July arriving 20th. Would welcome congenial co-driver, share expenses. Tel.: FLA. 3536 9-10 a.m.

WOMAN teacher touring Cont. Aug., own car, invites f. compan. drvr. Box 1470.

WOMAN author offers full-board, wine, Hampshire cottage, huge garden. 8 gns. week. Box 1374.

EXCH. house London Aug. for country cott. Dr Moody, 21 Redington Rd, NW3.

PHOTOGRAPHER prepared accept commissns on satisfied client basis. SWI 4164.

CHILDREN'S Holiday Party. 4th year at Eastbourne. 30 July-3 Sept. Weekly periods. Ages 7-13. Illus. broch. Junior Holidays, 31 St George Street, W1. GRO. 1629.

CONTEMPORARY interior decorating—artistic, speedy, ultra-reasonable. 'Phone Solanik MOU. 9160 after 7 p.m.

AN ARCHAEOLOGIST first persuaded us to make them, but any professional person who has to live with books, papers, impedimenta generally, will find the new Phoenix cupboard units ample, strong, beautiful and efficient. The BST 'kite-mark' is an impartial guarantee of the construction of Phoenix-built bookcases—send a p.c. or call for catalogue of our wide range. Phoenix Bookcase Gallery (Dept. 2c), 36a St Martin's Lane at Charing Cross, London, WC2.

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PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

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BOYS and Girls enjoy holidays 1958 at Pippins, Axminster, 23 July to 3 Sept. Strachan, Creek Vean, Feock, Truro, C'wall.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

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THE Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics. Now enrolling for new class to begin this autumn. Prospectus from Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

PERSONAL—continued

ITALIAN stud, f. will teach Italian & babysit in ex. rm/board. MAI. 7139-3026.

WRITING a Play & Acting: 1-5 Aug. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, 6-12 'Braziers Writers' Circle', 'Life Drawing' & 'Handloom Weaving'.

MY message service is at WELbeck 6655 if you can't reach me at 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8. Anthony Panting, photographer.

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MARK Gerson, AIBP, ARPS, photographer of literary and stage folk, would be pleased to send his price list of Portraits for Publicity, 61 Seymour St, W1. PAD. 2708.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

SAILING ON THE

MEDITERRANEAN

A sturdy Scandinavian-built schooner, that unhurriedly makes her way down the Costa Brava to the Balearics and back, is the background to a delightful fortnight's holiday of sea and sunshine. Lots of time ashore at the little places on the Costa Brava, swimming and sunbathing. 'A floating Youth Hostel' with a first-class Spanish cook. Still room for most dates this Summer. An unforgettable fortnight for £54 10s.

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You will enjoy an informal holiday in pleasant company and you can still be included on our July/September house parties by the sea in Britain (Cornwall, Wales, Sussex, Norfolk)—either for weekends or longer stays—or on one of our Continental house parties (Austria, Italy, Switzerland or Scandinavia). Costs in Britain from £2 15s. weekends, £8 8s. per week, or 27½ gns. on the Continent.

ERNA LOW,
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GRANADA'S International Holiday School offers during August & September Spanish language courses by University experts, painting, literature, guitar, flamenco & dancing, Fiestas, excursions to Cordoba & Sevilla, the unexplored Alpujarras on muleback, unique Spanish baroque tours. Stay as long as you like; spend as little as you please! Detls (Intl Reply Coupon): Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado 244, Granada.

BED & Bard. 7 days 4 star hotel Stratford & seats for all 5 plays. 21-28 Sept. & 11-18 Oct. All-in 22 gns. Write now Illyrian Tours, Blue Gates, Chertsey Bridge, Surrey.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

1,300 miles south to the sun
only £59 return!
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Searching for something out of the ordinary this year? Here then is a golden opportunity to visit Madeira, the most beautiful sub-tropical island in the world, where you can enjoy a luxury holiday at considerably reduced fares. Every hotel offers reasonable rates and retains a high standard of comfort, food and service. It is never too late to holiday in Madeira.

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Telephone: KENsington 4567

SEPTEMBER in Brittany. Hotel de la Plage, Erquy, Côtes-du-Nord—recommended by Michelin and Club des Auberges de France, * official classification—offers British guests special terms during the month: Pension Frs 1,500-1,600, including service and taxes. Generous and excellent table; well-chosen wine list at fair prices. Seven splendid unspoilt beaches with safest bathing within easy reach. Fine cliff and woodland walks. St Malo 35 miles. Write M. M. Veillet.

ITALY. Rimini, Hotel Impero. Exc. cuisine. Mod. CUN. 9379, EUS. 6846 after 5.

EXTEND the English Summer (if any) by a southward pilgrimage to the Sun in late Sept. (21st from London). 14 Days in Tarragona at Fiesta Time will cost you only £28-£30. Details from Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (Behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

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Whether you want a first-class meal from our grill-room, or a coffee and a bun in the coffee-lounge, you are equally welcome.

A game of chess with a foreign master, or a drink in the Club-bar, the WHITE KNIGHT CLUB, with a friend, are on hand.

The proprietor, Boris Watson, lately of Soho, will be pleased to meet old friends and welcome new ones.

HOW soon will man reach the moon? Why worry, when all the El Cid sherry is here on earth! (And the Fino Feria, too).

WHERE TO STAY

KESWICK.—Visit Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful scenery, good food. Tel. 508.

PONY Trekking among the beautiful hills of the Scottish Borders. What an ideal holiday! Season until 1 November. Brochure with pleasure from Toftcombs Hotel, Biggar.

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BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 96 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association. 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

LAKES Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front; Gdns, Putting grn, Garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

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SUSSEX Downs. Monks Rest Guest House (17th Century), Jevington, the village in the Downs. Easy access Eastbourne. All comforts. Brochure. Polegate 178.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. hg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

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PYRENEES, off the beaten track; 2 rooms, shower, kit., garden, mid-Sept. to mid-Nov., fortnight minimum. Mod. terms. Mme Bielschowsky, Boeil-Bezing, B.P., France.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

NEW—A Guide to all the famous Climbs in Scotland, Wales, the Lake District and 13 English counties. 'Rock Climbing in Britain' by J. E. B. Wright. Just published by Nicholas Kaye. 15s.

'LIBERAL Democracy' by Massimo Salvadori. Out today. Cloth 15s. Paper 5s. The best analysis of the free society written in recent years. Pall Mall Press.

'THE New Battle of France', R. Palme Dutt; 'Britain's Shipyards Today', Dan McGarvey, Boiler Makers' President. Labour Monthly. Post free 1s. 8d., or 9s. half yearly, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

'THE Week', the brilliant survey in The Observer every Sunday, that gives you a clear perspective on a whole week's news in 15 minutes easy reading. Let The Observer put the world in your hands on Sunday.

ALGERIA/France: the 'inside' story: 'France Observateur'; year, £2 12s., half-year, £1 8s. Cheques: 'Andrew Roth', 34 Somali Rd, NW2.

USSR Today. Keep up to date; read 'Soviet Weekly', lavishly illustrated, price 3d. Subscriptions: 3s. 3d. quarterly, from Dept N, 3 Rosary Gardens, London, SW7.

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MOUNTAINEERING: Books, prints, maps. Secondhand. Send for lists. Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sussex. Sell your unwanted Mountain books to us.

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Until 12 July
Evenings 7.0, Mats Sat. 2.30

Piccolo Teatro di Milano in
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Play in 3 acts by Carlo Goldoni

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IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr Fr. 2.30, Sn. 4.00. 7th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for membership tkt.

'KING Lear', Edric Hall, Borough Polytechnic, Borough Rd, SE1. Production from Southwark Shakespeare Festival. Wed.-Fri. 9-11 July 7.15. 2s. 6d., 2s. WAT. 7654.

ROYAL Court. Mn. 7.30. Sub. 8.0. S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. Guest Rep. Season. This wk Glasgow Citizens in 'Gay Landscape'.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Heartbreak House, Bernard Shaw. Thurs.-Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres. Yehudi Menuhin). Last Special Sitar Recital by Ustad Vilayat Khan, accomp. by Nikhil Ghosh on Tabla. Sat. 19 July at 7 p.m. at Friends House, Euston Rd. NW1. Tickets at door or from Hon. Sec., AMC, 18 Fitzalan Rd, N3. Tel. FIN. 2934.

33rd Haslemere Festival. Arnold Dolmetsch Centenary Year. 12-19 July. Dir: Carl Dolmetsch. First concert sold out. Tickets for 13-19 July at Haslemere Hall. Tel. 361.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns & Wed., 9 July), Films on Art and Life in the Middle Ages (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM 1525. Until 6 July: Gabin, Jouvet in Renoir's 'Les Bas-Fonds' (A). From 7 July. Satyajit Ray's 'Pather Panchali' (U).

ROXY. BAY. 2345, Wk. c. 6 July, 7 days Henry Fonda, Lee Cobb, '12 Angry Men' U. Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore, 'Hit & Run' A.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Johnnie Ware Quartet playing Jazz for Dancing. Today 5 July, 8-11. Mems 3s., their guests 5s.

ICA. 17 Dover St, W1. Films by Ray & Charles Eames. Friday 4 July, 7 p.m. Members 2s. 6d. Guests 4s.

FOLKSONG Unlimited. Stan Kelly introduces Dominic Behan, Shirley Collins, Sandy Paton, Isabel Sutherland. Wednesday, 9 July at 8 p.m., Cranbourne, Upper St Martin's Lane (Leics. Sq. Tube). 3s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

ST George's Gallery: Exhibition of the 40 best British Etchings, Lithographs, etc., of 1958. Colour transparency catalogue illustrating all 40, 5s. post free. 7 Cork St, W1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and private apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

ART Treasures from Japan. An Arts Council Exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 17 August. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2.30-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. 4+2 Sculptors, Painters. Till 19 July. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

EDWARD Lear: Landscapes, nonsense drawings, manuscripts, etc. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 26 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

SLATTER Gallery, 30 Old Bond Street, 1958 Exhibition Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Transferences, paintings by Nolan, Tucker, Hill, Riopelle, Borduas, Newcombe, Beaulieu, Candappa, Raza, Souza, Bowen, Coplans, Sumner. Until 12 July.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED colour collotype reproductions of old & modern masters, large prints average price 55s., tax 7s. 2d. Illus. catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Fautrier – Paintings 1928-1958. Till 2 August. Adm. 1s. Mems free. Library: Paintings by Edgar Hubert.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Alan Davie Retrospective 1936-1958. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1958. English & French paintings, watercolours, & original lithographs. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 30 Aug.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave. Stan Pinker. Until 13 July.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16, Woodstock St, Bond St, W1. Inaugural Exhibition. 7-19 July. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society 'The Religious Theme' CAS Exhibition at Tate Gallery. 10 July-21 August.

'THE Religious Theme' – Evening party for CAS members and guests, Tate Gallery, 8 July, 9 to midnight. Refreshments by candlelight, sales bar. Tickets 12s. 6d., guests 15s. from Organising Secretary, CAS, Tate Gallery. Membership one guinea.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Giacometti, Marini, Matisse, Moore. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 13 Sept.

BATH Academy of Art, Corsham, Wiltshire. Summer Exhibitions, 11, 12 & 13 July.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

THE Waddington Galleries. Three Painters. Ivon Hitchens, Jack B. Yeats, Roderic O'Conor and 'Colour, Form & Line'. Daily 10-6 Sat. 10-1. 2, Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Welcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. The Dying Art – 20th-Century Portraiture.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St, W1. Contemporary French paintings on view. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important drawings, paintings and sculptures offered for sale in Exhibition of XIX & XX Century European Masters—Bonnard, Degas, Kokoschka, Matisse, Munch, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, Rouault, De Stael, Utrillo, Van Gogh, etc., and two new sculptures by Henry Moore. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Five painters from Rome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ULR CLUB/ROYAL CRT THEATRE
Special evening to see 'CHICKEN SOUP WITH BARLEY' by ARNOLD WESKER, followed by discussion with the author. FRIDAY, 18 JULY. Last week for bookings.

Tickets, reduced to 6s., can be obtained only by sending 6s. and s.a.e. to ULR THEATRE, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT CAMPAIGN GROUP
Opening Meeting. Sunday, 6 July. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1. 2.30 p.m.

LONDON Schools Left Club. Norman Birnbaum on 'America: the Revolution that never happened', Fri., 4 July, 5.30. Fri., 11 July, Prof. Geoffrey Barraclough, 'New Patterns in International Affairs'.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Joint Brains Trust & Reception with the Americans for Democratic Action. Wed. 9 July, 7.30 p.m. at the College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., WC1. Adm. 3s. 6d.

NORTH Paddington CLP Sunday 6 July, 2.30 to 5.30 p.m. Basil Davidson, Ben Parkin, MP, speak on 'France'. ASW rooms, Corner of Praed St-Edgware Rd, W2. Credentials issued at door. 1s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENT Arts Socialist Assocn Inaugural Meeting. Chair: Rosamund John. Spkrs inc Stephen Swingler MP, Benn Levy, Roger Snowdon. Sun, 13 July, 7.30, 'The Cranbourne', 1 St Martin's Lane.

THE Art Workers Guild, 6 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, WC1. Open Meeting, Wed. 9 July, 6.30 p.m. for 7 p.m., held jointly with The Society of Industrial Artists. Illus. talk by Mr James Gardner, OBE, RDI. 'The Competition of Ideas at the Brussels Exhibition'. Refreshments. Visitors are welcome to attend and to take part in the discussion. As the capacity of the Hall is limited, visitors should ask for a complimentary ticket of adm from: Mrs Nelson, 15 Cranley Gardens, SW7. Ken. 5806.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 4 July, 8 p.m. Alec Nove (LSE), 'Soviet Standard of Living'. Fri. 11 July, 8 p.m. Anatole Goldberg, 'Impressions of the USSR'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Tues. 8 July, 8 p.m. B. I. Elkin on 'The Eve of the Great Reforms of the 1860s'. Intr. by Baron A. Meyendorff (in Russian).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. British Caribbean Writers. Stuart Hall, George Lamming, V. S. Naipaul, Samuel Selvon will read from their own works. Thursday, 10 July, 8.15. Members 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Lawrence Alloway: Art in America Today. Chair: Stefan Munsing. Tuesday, 8 July, 8.15. Members 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, 12 July at 6 p.m. M. Claude Simon (Alliance Française): 'Y a-t-il en France une vie intellectuelle hors de Paris?'

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Fri. 11 July, 6.30, Caxton Hall (nr St James's Park Stn): 'What India Stands For'. Chairman: Rt Hon. Clement Davies. Speaker: Dr K. M. Munshi, ex-Minister, Govt of India; ex-Governor of UP. All welc. Sun. 13 July, 6 p.m., at the Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Dr K. M. Munshi speaks on Vedanta. 'Vedanta for East & West.' Bimonthly 15s.

BUDDHIST Society. The Annual General Meeting will be held at 58 Eccleston Square, SW1 on Wed. 9 July at 6.30 sharp. This is of course for members only, but at approx. 7 p.m. the President, Mr Christmas Humphreys, will deliver an address to which the public are invited. Also Saturday Group, 5 July, 3 p.m. (readings, discussion, tea – all welcome). Read 'The Middle Way', 2s 10d. quarterly post free. Book now or never for Summer School, Hoddesdon, 22-29 Aug., £8 12s. 6d. incl. Information: TAT. 1313.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 29 June: Continuity of the Secret Wisdom. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 6 July, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m.: J. B. Coates: 'Transhumanism.'

S. PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. Evening, 7 p.m. 6 July, W. E. Swinton, PhD, 'Darwin-Scientific Revolutionary'. Write for free 'Record'.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Postal Crses & coaching. 11 Old Bond St, W1.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARK 8392.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SPANISH, Flamenco, Plectrum Guitar Tuition. (Personal & Postal.) Prospectus: Ivor Mairants (s), 195 Wardour St., W1. Tel. REG. 0644/5.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginners' crse, all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn St, WC2. COV. 0754.

MUSIC appreciation classes, instrumental and vocal tuition. Details: Central School of Dance Music, 195 Wardour St, W1. REG. 0644/5.

ITALIAN: lessons & conversation. P. Sequenza, 14 Sevington St W9. CUN 4645.

FRENCH Conversation. Courses for Beginners. Discussion groups. Private lessons. – The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2. TRAfalgar 2044.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. in 1887, prepares students by post for General Certificate of Education (all Levels) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others, London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc (Econ), LLB), Teachers' Diplomas, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

POTTERY. Five on a course for a week with John Shelly. Throughout summer. Brochure: Church Cottage Pottery, Winterbourne St Martin, Dorchester.

FRENCH-English holiday in Chilterns. Small group Eng. boys and girls (aged 12-15) interested in mixing with French group welcome in Aug. at country house of Town and Country School, 38, Eton Avenue, NW3.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for Week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

HOUSE Party Holidays in Britain or on the Continent – see 'Holiday Travel' column.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel. HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders, 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

KING Alfred School (F.1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI 3319). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills, 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

ADELPHI THEATRE
W.C.2. TEMple Bar 7611.

Commencing Monday, July 7th. For a Limited Season.
Evenings 7.30. Matinées Saturdays 2.30.

By arrangement with Jack Hylton,
the Britain-China Friendship Association presents the return visit in a new programme of the

CLASSICAL THEATRE OF CHINA
from Peking

Prices: Stalls: 20s, 15s 6d and 10s 6d; Dress Circle: 17s 6d, 12s 6d and 8s 6d; Upper Circle: 5s.

"It is the most exciting spectacle imaginable . . . had the audience roaring on its feet."
—The Times (Paris Theatre Festival, 1958).

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